evil with which they are surrounded, they would say, in the words of Isaiah: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence; and give Him no rest, till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." This would be true belief and true brotherhood, and would carry into action those noble words of a living bard:

"But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

[From Dr. H. C. Wood's "*Thermic Fever.*"]

THE TREATMENT OF SUNSTROKE.

IN concluding this essay, the final, practical question is: What is the best method of treating sunstroke? And I shall now attempt the answer of this.

If there be any truth in the views of the nature of thermic fever taken in this memoir, it is self-evident that the chief indication in every case is the abstraction of heat. An excess of the latter agent is the *materies morbi*; and, if it can be removed before too much harm has been wrought, the patient will assuredly recover.

As soon, therefore, as a man falls, he should be carried into the shade with the least possible delay, his clothing removed, and cold affusions over the chest and body practiced. This must not be done timidly or grudgingly, but most freely. In many cases the best resort will be the neighboring pump. In the hospital, probably, a better method of reducing temperature than the cold affusion is to place the patient in the cold bath (50 deg. F.), or rubbings with ice may be practiced; and, as originally suggested by Dr. Parkes, enemata of ice-water may be given.

In using these various measures, it must always be borne in mind that the indication is the reduction of temperature. If the means employed do not accomplish this, they do no good.

Relaxation of the pupil is said to be "the first symptom that shows the good of the cold affusion" (Aitken, "Practice of Medicine," vol. ii, p. 894). But, as in my experience the pupil frequently has not been contracted, too much reliance cannot be placed upon this; and I think the thermometer in the axilla, or, better, the rectum, affords the best guide as to the effect of the treatment.

After the temperature has been reduced, and even after consciousness has returned, there is often a great tendency to a fresh rise of temperature, and consequent relapse. This tendency may be met by wrappings in wet sheets, and, if necessary, by a recourse to the more powerful measures for reduction of temperature, which have been already cited.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the cold douche, cold bathing, etc., are powerful remedies, and are capable, if used too long, of doing harm.

In my experiments upon animals, I have seen the temperature, when once reduced by them after sunstroke, continue, notwithstanding their withdrawal, to fall until it was many degrees below normal. It needs no argument to establish the harmfulness of such reduction, and, whilst the possibility of its occurrence should not intimidate us in the use of the measures, it should temper our boldness with caution.

The evidence adduced by Dr. Hutchinson in favor of the hypodermic use of morphia, as first suggested by Dr. Herbert Norris, is certainly sufficient to justify its further trial.

Dr. Hutchinson has stated to me, in conversation, that the effects of the remedy were most apparent in the convulsive form of the affection, and that, indeed, the power which it exhibited in allaying the spasms was most surprising.

Moreover, theory seems rather to favor than disfavor the practice, as it has been shown by Prof. Binz that morphia has the power of checking oxidation changes, and thereby lowering the temperature. It seems impossible that the moderate use of morphia can do harm—it may do great good; and I would, therefore, advise the hypodermic injection of a quarter of a grain of the sulphate every *four* to six hours, especially in the convulsive cases.

After the first violence of the attack has been subdued, a blister may be applied, as recommended by some English authorities. Aitken says (loc. cit., p. 219): "The hair is to be cut short as soon as possible, and a blister applied to the nape of the neck, the surface having previously been first well sponged with *æther fort.* . . . Increasing confidence as to the ultimate result may be indulged in so soon as vesication takes place; and, in cases where insensibility recurs, after an interval of ten or twelve hours it may be removed by the application of a second blister to the vertex."

While I would personally use a blister in this way, from deference to authority and in the hope it might do good, I would not rely too much upon it.

Many of the Indian authorities advise a mild purgative; in most of the cases that I have seen there was already diarrhœa. A dose of Rochelle salt would, however, do no harm; but in bad cases could hardly be swallowed early enough to do much good.

Both Drs. Barclay and Maclean speak of a class of cases in which every attempt to administer the cold douche produces such violent convulsions that it is inadmissible. It seems probable that the cold baths or rubbings with ice would be borne by some of these cases. If so, they no doubt would be of inestimable value.

[From Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson's "*Corp.*"]

THE WORSHIP OF IMAGES.

IT was not without design that the Lord left no image or picture of His holy person behind him. He put the question of worshiping an image of Himself out of sight by leaving no image. There is not even the shadow of authenticity upon any reputed relic. We are not even sure of the site of Calvary or Gethsemane, His crucifixion or His burial. Even the Mount of His ascension is not known or named. The "fragments of the true cross," the "holy coats," etc, are all impostures. Nobody but the most superstitious and ignorant Romanists believe that there is on earth one genuine relic of the Lord, or of His Mother, or indeed of any early saint.

There was a design in this. Considering all things—the reverence and love of the Apostles, for instance—it is very strange that there is no word for ages of any relic of our Lord's early life, and that "the discovery of the true cross," in the fourth century, by Helena, should have been so suspiciously a cooked-up thing.

No picture and no relic, whose genuineness is even probable, exists of our Lord, or of His Apostles, or indeed of any early Christian worthy. One cannot help connecting the strange fact with that second commandment which our Roman Catholic brethren are in the habit of omitting from their list, and with the petition in the Lord's Prayer.

The pictures, so-called, of the Virgin—there are scores of them, in all positions, and they are highly reverenced by our Romish friends, and dilettanteized and sentimentalized over by many of our Protestant friends—are, we all know, when we think, only portraits of women by no means always reputable, the mistress of the artist, painted as the Madonna in one picture and as Venus in another.

The pictures, so-called, of our blessed Lord are more shocking still. An Italian beggar man or thief, with a picturesque beard and hair, is painted, and the painting labeled with the holiest name!

The pictures of the Apostles are conventional. A monk with a lion is St. Mark, a monk with an eagle is St. John, a monk with a sword is St. Paul, and one with a big key is St. Peter. They are merely pictures of the most picturesque old loafers the painter could find for his model.

Here, then, is where the Romish argument fails to reach us. We have heard it a score of times, and expect to a score or two more. We admit, in one way, its force. We do venerate the pictures of great men. We do love and might perhaps "salute" the picture of a very dear friend. We are free to acknowledge we should deeply venerate the picture of our Lord, or of one of His Apostles. But when our Romish friend puts us in front of a dime lithograph, manufactured in Canal street, and tells us that is our Lord's picture, we beg leave to retire before our disgust gets the better of us. Or, when he soars a step higher, and shows us the picture of a picturesque Italian bandit, and says that is Christ's, and we should salute it and kneel before it, we respectfully decline so stultifying ourselves and insulting our Master. Or, again, when he presents us to the portrait of a young woman of questionable life, with an infant in her lap, and demands that we shall reverence this picture as that of the Virgin Mother and her Child, we might beg that he will please to go no further. The thing is getting unbearable. His anxiety to reverence "sacred pictures" is rapidly carrying him beyond Christian decency.

The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

SEA-BORN VENUS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

I WONDER not men fabled as they did,
In that old rapture of Hellenic days,
Of Venus as the daughter of the Sea,
From its white foam upspringing, full of grace.

O, goddess fair of beauty and of love!
Not once of old but every day anew
Thou art so born from ocean's teeming womb,
Thou dost upspring from her eternal blue.

Have not these eyes of mine a thousand times
Seen beauty born of thee most rare and sweet?
In calm or storm, when bright or dark and chill,
And homeward scuds the danger-fearing fleet?

And I have watched thy beauty hour by hour,
Lying at thy dear feet, all hushed and still,
Bidding thee work on me thy secret spells
And with thy fullness all my being fill.

And I have lain upon thy heaving breast,
And felt the pulsing of thy mighty heart;
And thou to me hast whispered wondrous things,
Things that I have no language to impart.

"Aye, sea-born beauty, but how sea-born love?"
I hear the doubter question and confess.
But who, still young, has wandered by thy side
The old Hellenic riddle well may guess.

Thou art the mother of all tender thoughts,
Of longings and of infinite desires;
The yearning of thy never-ending plaint
A kindred yearning in our souls inspires.

When youths and maidens walk thy shining strand,
And listen to thy harmonies and hymns,
There is a mist that is not of the sea
That gathers fast and all their vision dims.

Their speech is silence, but it tells a tale
Of that which makes the merry world go round;
Thou dost interpret for them every thought
Which, sudden, they in their fresh hearts have found.

And so thou art the lover's go-between;
So love that knows itself is born of thee;
And hearts already pledged become more fond
While listening to thy murmurings, O, sea.

Aye, love is born of thee, and deeper love
Than ever flows to any human goal;
Love of that Spirit who in every tide
Hints at the deeper currents of the soul.

We love thee best since thou art type of Him;
Thou freshening earth as she through space is hurled,
And lik, the ocean of the universe,
Freshening for aye the courses of the world.

LETTER CONCERNING MY MARRIAGE.

BY PERE HYACINTHE.

"And now behold I go bound in the Spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth from city to city, saying that bonds and affliction abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."—Acts, xx, 22–24.

PARIS, August, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE determination at which I have arrived belongs of its own nature to the privacy of individual life, and relates to that which is most intimate, dearest, and most sacred in human existence.

The character of a priest, which I have no intention and no wish to renounce, impresses on this act, in spite of myself, a startling publicity, I might almost say a terrible solemnity. If marriage were for me merely a personal satisfaction, I should not think of it for a moment. I know too well that the pure and humble home which I create will be insulted by some, deserted by others, and that it must embrace within its circle anguish and happiness together.

My principal grief is that I shall have afflicted many souls, that I shall have scandalized, certainly against my will, but no less certainly, some of those little ones who believe in Christ and for whom I would gladly die. I give to the wicked and to the frivolous—two classes all too numerous, and who have a fatal facility for leading mankind—a new and powerful weapon, not only against myself, but against my cause. "He wished to marry" will be the cry from all sides, "and he had not the courage to say so." "He spake of infallibility, and it was but a pretext; this high-sounding drama ends in an every-day comedy."

Determined beforehand to remain silent in the face of the attacks which will be leveled at me, I desire once for all to give to the thoughtful, and more especially to the Christian public, explanations which bear unavoidably a personal character; and this appears to me to be a duty I owe to the consciences which my example may enlighten.

If I had left my convent for the purpose of marrying—which was not the case—I would not hesitate to admit it; for I should have done nothing which could not be openly avowed before those who place the natural law of God, with its inalienable rights and duties, above human laws, and especially above conventional engagements. That which is really a matter of guilt and blame is to drag on without conviction, and too often without morality, the chains of obligations which have ceased to bind, save only out of deference to the prejudices of the world and the calculations of individual interest. That which ought to excite reprobation, that which, for my part, I have always looked upon with horror, is not marriage, but sin! Unswervingly faithful to the principles of the Catholic Church, I feel myself in no manner bound by its abuses; and I am profoundly convinced that amongst the most fatal of these abuses are perpetual vows. The fault of Luther lay not in that pure and pious marriage in which his example ought to be followed by the larger number of those who load him with maledictions; it was solely in his rupture with the legitimate traditions of the necessary unity of the Church.

I repeat, then, if I had quitted my convent in order to marry, if I had sacrificed the glorious pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris, to a great and legitimate attachment, it may be, to a conscientious duty, I should not feel that, in doing so, I had done anything which needed apology. But, if I had not had sufficient frankness and courage, if for the sake of better preparing any secret designs I had consulted them under the veil of dogmatic controversies, I should have been guilty, deeply guilty, and I should have deserved to find myself disavowed and scorned by all honest hearts.

Only, if I may be allowed to say so, this mean calculation would have been no less absurd than unworthy. In the presence of the deeply-rooted and all-powerful prejudice which has prevailed for ages amongst the Latin nations, and especially among the French, I could never have been simple enough to hope that a few utterances against Papal Infallibility and against compulsory celibacy would change, as by enchantment, the whole current of opinion. In making the declaration which I have never for one moment ceased to make, and which I now once more repeat, that I intend to remain a Catholic and a priest, I should not have practically ameliorated in any degree my position in regard to marriage. I should, on the contrary, have aggravated it; and I should have created for myself, in a certain sense willfully, a situation which to most would have appeared illogical, insupportable, and without solution.

—If I could have so trifled with my conscience, with the consciences of others, if for me the most formidable problems of religion had been but pretexts for my interests or my passions, it would have been more easy for me to have accomplished my object by inflicting on Protestantism an insult which it does not deserve, and deceiving the high-minded friends whom I number in its ranks. I could have found among them, by entering their communion, the justification which I should have sought for in vain under the banner of the Catholic opposition to the Council and the new dogma.

No, my marriage has no connection with any religious convictions nor with any act of the 20th of September, 1869—or, rather, let me say, it is most intimately connected with them, but in that large and general sense which binds together all the steps achieved by a soul in progress toward light and liberty. I will express my meaning with entire openness. I owe to the rule of religious celibacy some of the most exquisite joys, some of the most profound and decisive experiences of my existence. From the age of eighteen, when I chose it, I have observed it with a fidelity for which I give glory to God. If now, at the age of forty-five—in the calmness, as well as in the maturity of my judgment, of my heart, of my conscience, in a word, of my whole being—I believe myself bound to renounce it, it is that marriage comes home to me as one of those laws of the moral government of the world which cannot be set aside without overturning the fabric of life and without running counter to the will of God. I did not say that this law comes home to all. I believe that celibacy may be a holy and glorious exception. I only say that this law presents itself unmistakably to me. When a man has received in his heart, as another exception no less rare, holy, and glorious, that pure and lofty love in which the world does not believe because it is not worthy of it, such a man, be he priest or be he monk, has the most absolute proof that he is not of the number of those self-dedicated victims of whom the Gospel speaks. Such a man am I; and here once more I give glory to God for what he has wrought in me. Such workings of his spirit may appear contradictory; but their true harmony is known to him. At the very moment when I seemed to be abandoned, renounced by my friends and by my kinsmen, exiled by blow upon blow from my church, from my country, from my family, he sent on my solitary and desolate path a noble and holy affection, a sublime devotion, poor in this world's goods, rich in the gifts of intellect and of heart; and, when all had crumbled away, alone, or almost alone, this support remained to me. Surely this support would not be what it ought to be, I should not recognize the blessing which God has given me, were I to hesitate in seeking for it the consecration of marriage.

And why should it be otherwise? I see no reasons which make marriage unlawful to me; for I cannot admit as such the law of any ecclesiastical system, and still less the prejudices of my fellow-countrymen.

I will ever submit myself to the laws of the Church when I am not called upon to recognize as such what Jesus Christ, speaking to the Pharisees of the ancient people, already designated as "the commandments of men which made of no effect the commandments of God." (Math., xv, 6–9.) It is fully admitted that celibacy is not an article of faith; it ought to be acknowledged that it is not even a matter of Catholic discipline, but merely of the discipline of the Latin Church. Even at this hour, in the East, the Catholic clergy are married, with the full approbation of the Holy See. It is true that such marriages must precede and not follow ordination; but this restriction, besides being full of objections, is without meaning in the eyes of sound judgment, and does not the less establish in all its strength the principle that, in the mind of the Church, there exists no real incompatibility between the two great sacraments of ordination and marriage.

The countervailing prejudice belongs to a perversion of moral ideas, which one has a right to marvel at finding amongst Christian nations. How have they come to degrade marriage to this base and unworthy conception of it, which is as repugnant to the delicate and generous instincts of the heart as to the teachings of Revelation? Truly, if marriage is but a concession to the infirmity or even to the passions of our nature, I admit that it is for the priest a degradation and defilement. But I am then equally at a loss to see how it can be reconciled with the dignity conferred by Christian baptism, with the holiness which our Christian profession demands; and, to be logical, it would be necessary, with Tertullian, to forbid it to true Christians everywhere. Christian marriage—the only marriage of which I speak—is not a concession to our weakness, it is not even a mere means for perpetuating our race; it is, if I may be allowed to quote myself, "the most complete, the most intimate, and the most holy union that can exist between two human beings." It is thus that I defined it only five years ago, in the pulpit of Notre Dame; and I added, with St. Paul and the whole Catholic tradition, that it has been since the Gospel the mysterious and the radiant likeness of the union of the Divine Word with human flesh—of the union of Christ with the Church—"*Sacramentum hoc magnum est, ego autem dico in Christo et in Ecclesia.*" (Eph. v, 32.) It is because we no longer understand the doctrine of the apostles, nor the examples of the first Christians, that we have ceased to see in the union of husband and wife "the estate of marriage honorable in all" (Hebrews, xiii, 4); that we have come to regard it as incompatible with the condition of the perfect life; and that we shudder to think of the proximity of the altar of God to the family hearth, which also ought to be a sanctuary, and in one sense the first of all sanctuaries!

Another error, not less fatal and not less widely spread, consists in regarding the state of celibacy as capable of being made the subject of a perpetual engagement. Precisely because it relates to what is most personal, most delicate, and, I ought to add, most perilous in the relations of the soul with God, celibacy ought to remain at each moment of its duration the work of grace and of liberty. Only to the Holy Spirit of God does it belong to attract toward it and to maintain in it the small number of exceptional beings whom he has rendered capable. But no human authority, neither the authority of councils nor of popes, can impose as a commandment, and especially as an eternal commandment, that concerning which Jesus Christ himself only spoke a word of counsel "to those who are able to receive it." "Now concerning the unmarried," wrote the Apostle St. Paul to the Corinthians, "I have received no commandment of the Lord; but I give my counsel." (I Cor., vii, 25.) This counsel it is the mission of the Church to transmit to all through the course of ages, but without imposing it on any one; and, if I may here speak my whole mind, there is not a single case in which the Church should prohibit marriage to its pastors, but there are a thousand where it ought to command them to marry.

The individual himself has not the power of making an absolute surrender of a right which at any moment and in so many ways is liable to be changed into a duty. In answer to my question on the liberty of the clergy, whether secular or regular, with regard to marriage, one of the most learned and most pious bishops of the Roman Church (it will be easily understood that I do not feel justified in giving his name) wrote to me these words: "Such a step is always permissible, often necessary, and sometimes a sacred duty." Similar convictions exist in the most enlightened minds, amongst those especially who possess the light of experience and who know the state of the clergy and the practical condition of human life; and, if such convictions are not expressed freely, it is the fault of the iron yoke which weighs upon the bishops as well as upon the priests, no less than the culpable connivance of public opinion.

I have just named public opinion. As much as I respect this in its legitimate expressions and requirements, in that same proportion do I despise it when it rests only on prejudice. To recoil before a prejudice is to recoil before that which has no real existence; and is even to give by that means a body and a force to this empty phantom. Is not this, however, what is done every day, through a mixture of puerile fear and hypocritical subserviency by the minds most capable of counteracting the errors of their time? Fatal power of falsehood, which has ruined and which still ruins our unfortunate country! It is this which obliges me at this moment to seek on a foreign soil the consecration which the law, or at least the legal authorities of France, would refuse to my marriage, because I have at the same time the honor and the misfortune to be a priest. But I will make no further concession to this false spirit. I shall return, keeping my head erect and my heart calm, without fear, as without anger; and nothing shall hinder me from inhabiting that country and breathing that air which are mine, and which shall remain dear to me in spite of the iniquities by which they have been profaned. Nothing shall hinder me from claiming for each one of my brethren in the priesthood the legal right of marriage, the violation of which, not only in a whole class of citizens, but even in the person of a single man, should suffice to place the legislation of a people under the ban of truly civilized nations.

Yes, I am convinced France, no less than the Church, needs the example which I give, and of which the fruits shall be reaped by the future, even should they fail in the present. I know well the true state of my country; and, whilst it was still willing to hear my voice, I never failed to preach to it that its regeneration must come through the life of the family. I tore aside without mercy the veil of its sumptuous and deceptive prosperity; and I laid bare the two sores which waste it and which mutually envenom one another—"marriage without love and love without marriage—that is to say, marriage and love without Christianity." (*Conférences sur la Famille*," 1866.) I know well also the true state of our clergy, and know all the devotion and virtue that is to be found in its ranks; but I am not ignorant of how much it needs in a vast proportion of its members to be reconciled with the interest, the affections, and the duties of human nature and of civil society. It is only by breaking with the traditions of a blind asceticism, and of a theocracy which is, in fact, more political than religious, that the priest, become once more a man and a citizen, should at the same time find himself more truly a priest. "That he rule well his own house," says St. Paul, "having his children in a subjection with all gravity; for, if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" (I Timothy, iii, 4—5.)

Such is the reform without which all others will be illusory and sterile. Let us bow to the Spirit of God, if we believe in its power to maintain in the midst of us a chosen band of priests and daughters of charity whose celibacy, always free and always voluntary, shall be truly a state of purity, a state of joy, or, at least, of peace, in sacrifice; but, at the same time, let us hasten the moment when the law of the Church and the law of France shall constitute in liberty, in purity, in dignity the marriage of the clergy—that is to say, the concentration of all the influences of family and religion in the model of a Christian home.

I am nothing, O, my God; but I feel myself called by thee to break the chains which thou hast not made, and which weigh so heavily, often alas! so shamefully on the holy tribe of thy priesthood. I am a frail and fallible man; but, nevertheless, thy grace hath made me strong to brave the tyranny of opinion, to refuse to bow before the prejudices of my time and country, and hath made me steadfast to act as though there were in the world naught save my conscience and thee.

HYACINTHE LOYSON.

POLITICAL SOMERSAULTS.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

No man is deserving of taunt or censure for the mere fact that he has turned right-about-face, whether slowly or suddenly, and become an opponent where he has hitherto been an advocate, provided there is nothing in the time or manner of his change to indicate the domination of factious, selfish, or ambitious motives. We are all liable to be mistaken or deceived. The cotemporaries of Saul of Tarsus must have been astonished and enraged at his sudden conversion to the hated Christian faith; and no doubt they heaped upon him all manner of abuse, as well as persecuted him in every direction. But they could find nothing attending it to warrant even the semblance of a suspicion that he was not animated by a sincere and disinterested spirit. He turned his back upon the reputedly wise, honorable, and pious of his day, and sought the companionship of those who were regarded as "the filth of the earth and the off-scouring of all things." A Pharisee of the Pharisees, a man of learning and culture, who had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, armed with the official authority whereby he made havoc of the Church, entering into every house, and dragging men and women to prison as pestilent heretics, he stood conspicuously on the popular side, having the most powerful worldly inducements to make him steadfast in his adhesion to it. But he saw and heartily repented of his wrong-doing, knowing that the act would cost him his reputation, ease, all chance of preferment, and in all probability his life; yet nothing daunted, and as ready for martyrdom as he had been to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. Whatever else he might have been, he was neither a dissembler nor self-seeker.

Conversions or changes which run in the line of personal advancement, of popular sentiment, of anticipated victory may be without taint or bias; but they will never be regarded as evidence of superior virtue or rare patriotism. Especially is this true in politics. In any dubious struggle, like the pending Presidential election, if one who has heretofore been a zealous partisan turns a somersault with the agility of a circus performer, and assumes an attitude of hostility, with a fair chance (at least, in his own opinion) of gaining or retaining the honors and emoluments of high official station, the chances are that nobody will consider him a pattern of virtue, and a very general belief will be very likely to obtain that "he has an ax to grind," or "he is looking out for number one," or "he has a sharp appetite for the loaves and fishes of office." Certainly, even if this estimate of him be a wrong one, all the circumstances of his change of partisanship and tactics should modestly keep him in the background, and prevent his attempting leadership in his new *rôle*, with virtuous platitudes and lofty patriotic professions upon his lips, mingled with scathing denunciations of the party from which he has fled. But, if known to be inflated with vanity, or selfishly ambitious of distinction, or changeable as a chameleon, or to regard "nothing so successful as success," calculating his chances accordingly, he will fail to make any other impression upon honest and intelligent minds, no matter what garb he may assume or what claim to confidence he may urge, than that he is an interested witness, and must be ruled out of court.

Many instances of this kind are seen in the ranks of the so-called "Liberal Republican party"—most liberal toward all that has been traitorous in the land; most illiberal toward all that is eminently loyal. The most notable one is found in the person of its principal leader, Mr. Horace Greeley. Prominently identified with the Republican party from its organization, essaying to be its redoubtable champion against all its adversaries, proudly holding it up as the embodiment of the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of the nation, glorying in its brilliant record, and cordially sustaining (sometimes originating) its ably constructive and preservative measures, till within a few months, he is now its fierce assailant, doing what in him lies to insure its disruption and cover it with shame and disgrace. From eulogizing President Grant for his sterling qualities, his well-tried patriotism, his modest bearing, his honest endeavor to administer the Government in furtherance of the rights and interests of the whole people and of all sections of the country, without fear or favor, and strictly within the limits of constitutional authority, and renominating him for the Presidency as better qualified in 1872 than in 1868, Mr. Greeley has turned to blackening his character as one totally unfit for the station he occupies, utterly venal in spirit and conduct, degraded in companionship, deficient in understanding, and a military usurper under whose iron hand the sorely-visited South lies crushed and bleeding, the prey of remorseless "Northern carpet-baggers," alike defenseless and despairing! Through his mouthpiece, the *Tribune*, he is filling the air with the vilest aspersions of those who will not follow his lead and echo his sentiments; branding the President's administration, without qualification, as "THIS DAMNABLE ADMINISTRATION"—a charge made in a public speech by a prominent Liberal Republican, and conspicuously printed in capitals in the *Tribune*, in order to give it emphasis.

Now, here is a somersault so astounding as to challenge the closest scrutiny. Is there a particle of evidence to show that it has been made conscientiously, in the service of the people, without any personal self-seeking or hope of supplanting the President? If so, it remains to be produced. All the facts bear heavily in an opposite direction. Last year, after proposing the re-election of President Grant, Mr. Greeley had a sudden change come over "the spirit of his dream," and, from what motives or at whose suggestions he best knows, was induced to visit the Southern States, extending his tour to doubly-rebellious and thrice-cursed Texas—Texas, the last to yield to the Government, the most shameless in its career, the most detestable in its history. He spoke and lectured to the people as opportunity presented, dubbing with untempered mortar, complimenting and being complimented, dealing in honeyed phrases and gushing with professional sympathy and good-will, protesting against the withholding of universal amnesty, shaking hands over "the bloody chasm" with Jefferson Davis and other leading Rebels, and getting in return a Rebel nomination for the next Presidency. They took his measure as a vain and credulous man, and instinctively saw to what purpose he could be put in their behalf. Returning home, inflated with a reception which was anything but creditable to him, he began to be more frequent and more violent in his attacks upon the President and his Administration, until his nomination by an irresponsible conclave at Cincinnati, and his subsequent endorsement by the Baltimore Convention, representing whatever was factious in spirit at the North and disloyal in conduct at the South during the conspiracy for the dismemberment of the Republic; since which time, having ostensibly withdrawn from the management of his paper, the *Tribune* has made itself infamous by its surpassing mendacity, its despicable method of warfare upon the man "better fitted to occupy the White House in 1872 than in 1868," its base crimination of the Republican party as hating and oppressing the people of the South (meaning the whites that rose in rebellion), and its disgusting adulation of "the Sage of Chappaqua" as the coming deliverer.

"Presidency on the brain" is the secret of Mr. Greeley's hostility to Grant. No other solution of his extraordinary conduct is even plausible. Remember that he has upheld the Administration and all its leading measures (especially congressional action for the suppression of Ku-Kluxism, now so fiercely denounced) until within a comparatively short time. Since then the President has done nothing to indicate that he is an altered man or to evoke Mr. Greeley's censure. If he is as corrupt and despotic as the latter now represents him to be, he was not less so when Mr. Greeley extolled him for his integrity and defended him against his Democratic and Rebel accusers. It is most unfair for this "Liberal" rival to go back upon his own record, and ring the changes upon "nepotism," "gift-taking," "corruption," "maladministration," etc., etc. He must be held to his own declarations. He is fairly precluded from making any flings or registering any grave charges against the President for what transpired under his administration up to the hour of his last public endorsement of him. If he can show that he erred through ignorance, or that the President has since that time been guilty of any acts that call for his rejection by the people, he will be entitled to forgiveness, on the one hand, for his former partisanship, and to general commendation, on the other, for his courage and fidelity to principle. But he can do no such thing; and, hence, it is not for him to bring any railing accusations.

Another remarkable somersault is seen in the sudden accession of General Banks, of Massachusetts, from the Republican ranks, and active alliance with the Greeley movement. True, it is not an event of general, hardly of any local importance; yet it affords another striking illustration of the utterly indefensible conduct of the Republican seceders generally, as it is easy to condemn them out of their own mouths. Of course, some reasons must be given for such a transition. Let us, therefore, listen to those offered by General Banks:

"If you come down to the very marrow of it, the sole distinguishing difference between the Administration party and the party in opposition is that the Administration contends for the perpetuation of power in this country *in the hands of a faction*, who are more or less for their personal benefit, and the opposition for the preservation of that power *in the hands of the people.* . . . A large and powerful party have possessed the desire to continue it for their own benefit.
The reason I do this is, that I know perfectly well that these principles—the equality of all men, the enfranchisement of all men, the reconciliation of all men—can never be obtained by the success of any one party."

It is because of the venal character and false position of the Administration party, therefore, that General Banks withdraws from it. Yet he has been a conspicuous member of that party, and an able representative of it in Congress; has helped to shape and enforce its policy; has sustained all those measures which are so distasteful to the opposition; has seen no good reason why President Grant should not be re-elected, making due allowance for errors of judgment and mistakes in the appointment of subordinates. Three months ago, at the Philadelphia Convention, he assented to the claim that "during eleven years of its supremacy the Republican party has accepted with grand courage the solemn duties of the times, suppressed a gigantic rebellion, emancipated four millions of slaves, declared the equal citizenship of all, established universal suffrage, exhibited unparalleled magnanimity, criminally punished no man for political offenses, and warmly welcomes all who prove their loyalty by obeying the laws and dealing justly with their neighbors." Moreover, "we believe that the modest patriotism, the earnest purpose, the sound judgment, the practical wisdom, the incorruptible integrity, and the illustrious services of Ulysses S. Grant have commended him to the hearts of the American people; and with him at our head we start to-day upon a new march to victory."

Still further, a month ago, Gen. Banks put his signature to a circular to the soldiers, containing the following panegyric:

"We congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the Government during the past three and a half years has been administered by one of our comrades, who has shown wonderful civil capacity in aiding in the reduction of the public debt; in conducting our foreign affairs with great skill, so that we now stand at peace with the whole world; in preserving peace in sections of our country where sentiments were entertained calculated to disturb the reorganization of the states lately in rebellion."

Here is a tribute to the President of which any man might be proud, even George Washington, were he now living; and what was claimed for the Republican party at Philadelphia was equally merited. But Gen. Banks is now electioneering for the defeat of that party, and the rejection of Ulysses S. Grant, as unworthy to sit in the Presidential chair! The pertinent inquiry, therefore, is: What has the President or the Republican party done, or proposed to do, within the past month, or the last three months, in contravention of a grand record; thereby calling for the indignant disapproval of the American people, and justifying the withdrawal of their confidence and support? Nothing—absolutely nothing, in word or deed! The dereliction is exclusively on the part of Gen. Banks; the disinterested patriot is lost in the calculating politician. He has made and can make no satisfactory or even plausible defense of his tortuous course; for nothing has transpired since he was the eulogist and defender of the Administration to warrant his present hostile attitude. When he says of the hybrid party which he has joined, "forgetting the bitterness of the past, we stand in the support of equal rights for all, and in the interest of all classes and the independence and success of the whole country," he is stealing the thunder that belongs to the Republican party—the party that has accomplished all these beneficent ends—the party (in the language of the Philadelphia Convention) that "heartily approves the action of Congress in extending amnesty to those lately in rebellion, and rejoices in the growth of peace and fraternal feeling throughout the land."

SCOTTISH GAMES IN AMERICA.

BY THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE late census gives the total Scottish population of our fifty largest cities as 42,199; and there is probably not one of these cities without its "Caledonian Club," devoted to Scotch games, Scotch music, and the memory of Burns. The old motto "Highlanders shoulder to shoulder" is warranted good for all climates, and a merry-making of canny Scotchmen is apt to be good for the eyes. Mindful of a pleasant summer's day spent with the Caledonians of my neighborhood the year before, I gladly appropriated another to them, at Rocky Point, on Narragansett Bay, on the 28th of August.

Rocky Point is a pleasure-place unsurpassed in America, I suppose, for the number of its visitors or the thoroughness with which its amusements are organized. It has baths, boats, swings, hobby-horses, bears, monkeys, miniature railways, bowling alleys, and a dance hall. Those whose barbarous instincts are still strong enough within them to relish that fine old aboriginal institution, the clam-bake, can there sit at clam on any summer's day with twelve hundred fellow-sufferers—that being the limit of the great dining-hall. On this occasion I found a gathering of some ten thousand people on the premises, of whom Scotland contributed the nucleus; though even of this nucleus only the inmost core, so to speak, was visibly Scotch to the eye. Only a few dozen possessed that bareness of knee and that flapping superfluity of tartan which make the Highlander appear himself. But these few satisfactory Gaels drew all eyes wherever they went; and where Alexander Murray and Archie Macallister piped there was the moving center of the changing throng.

A portion of the Scottish games consisted of such feats as are found all the world over. Foot races, hurdle races, high and long leaping, and the hop, step, and jump—these we should expect to observe on a newly-discovered planet, so soon as the telescope grew powerful enough. But the Caledonian sports must always begin with a Scotch Reel, and they demand a Highland Fling; nor can they by any means be completed without a Broad-sword Dance, all whose figures are performed in the four angles made by two broadswords laid crosswise. And the special Scotch contests are in "putting the heavy stone," "throwing the heavy hammer," and "tossing the caber."

The "heavy stone," which is the least interesting of these three, I did not at this time witness, though I had seen it before. The other athletic trials were made especially interesting by the presence of the national champions from the Old Country, Donald Dinnie and Alexander Fleming. Two magnificent specimens of Scotchmen they proved, and worthy to stand for the giant Douglas in the "Lady of the Lake." Each is about thirty years of age, about six feet in hight, and weighing about two hundred pounds. Fleming represented the fairer and Dinnie the darker type of his race—the latter being, indeed, a veritable Black Douglas in looks, with swarthy skin and curling black moustache. He seemed more like the chief of a clan than did Fleming; and the latter was one's ideal of a henchman—one of those doughty followers, more renowned almost than their leaders in Scottish song, Wat Tinlinn or Christie Graeme:

"I could hae ridden the Border through
Had Christie Graeme been at my back."

One could hardly imagine a border raid which might not be safely ventured with Dinnie and Fleming on either side.

The "heavy hammer" is a perforated iron ball, weighing twenty-one pounds, and placed on a hickory handle about seven feet long. It requires much strength to throw it, and there is also a special knack in the swing; and every muscle in the body seems to be taxed as the mighty implement is swayed from side to side. An average man, unpracticed, could perhaps throw it fifteen or twenty feet, with both hands. The previous year I had seen it thrown sixty-seven. This year it was thrown ninety-one feet three

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MONOTROPA.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

THE woods are wet with dew,
It hangs upon the leaves in glittering tears;
And see, the damp dead oak-leaves pushing through,
A group of flowers appears.

Flowers cold and deathly pale,
No flush upon their alabaster cheek;
They feel no sun nor bend to any gale,
No bees their white bells seek.

They do not smile and glow,
Or wave green leaves upon the summer air;
Their bended heads are still and white as snow,
And exquisitely fair.

They seem not real, live flowers,
But phantoms of last summer's lily-bells—
Pale ghosts, revisiting the forest-bowers,
Haunting the lonely dells.

Where are the leaves that played
High over them in fresh and breezy air,
The green delight of that last summer's shade?
Behold them lying there.

Brown, dark, decaying fast;
And these wan spirit-blossoms chilly grow
Where those dead leaves were scattered by the blast
And trampled by the snow.

Do you wild-roses thrill
And shudder, think you, when they see their white
And ghostly faces, and with inward chill
Turn to the sun's warm light?

Rather, they bend and say,
With love and pity: "Ah! dear souls of flowers,
Ye bloomed so fair your fleeting summer day.
Come ye and look on ours!

"And if ye come to call
Us where our heaven, the rainbow, spans the skies,
Joyous we seek, while rosy petals fall,
The Flower's Paradise!"

THE WEST SHETUCKET RAILROAD.

"Make straight in the desert a highway."
—ISAIAH, xl, 3.

BY ROSE TERRY.

PERHAPS it is best to quote the text no further; it is not always obvious that a way for humanity is a way for God. If so solemn a sense of the nature of ordinary human undertakings were always present to men, the pressure would be too awful for every-day existence. Let us set aside just now the end of the verse. West Shetucket, for all its wild valleys and tiny bits of fertile meadow, was in a certain sense a desert; and when some enterprising citizens proposed to build a railway across the country from Deerbrook, the chief city of Shetucket, through Fielding County, to the next state line on the west, we all lifted up our hands and eyes. "Through West Shetucket? Why not through the mudflats in Portside Harbor?" Men shook their heads and women laughed. Who could have originated so wild an idea? Certain people, more poetic than practical, began to lament that all those lovely and lonely valleys should be profaned; those high silences among the hills broken by the shriek and clatter of the steam tea-kettle. But railways are like Fate. Right through our homes and hearts, through premises so dear and sacred we believed them inviolable, through associations worth ten thousand roads, relentless as destiny, hard as iron, obstinate as a dozen directors and fourteen head engineers, the West Shetucket Railroad was built. Yards and mowing lots and orchards, sugar-camps, pine groves, the lovely lakes that glittered in their way, the savage granite that barred their passage, the ravines that yawned, and the hills that frowned, all threatened in vain. The valleys were exalted, the mountains and hills made low, the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain. Was it "to reveal the glory of the Lord," or to enrich the stockholders? If he makes the wrath of man to praise him, why not his greed? It may have been something beyond stocks and bonds, something mightier than men and money, that guided those trailing threads of iron along their dangerous and devious way, that held fast the foundations and arrested the floods, that stayed the dreaded snows in the heavens, and long delayed the treacherous thaws of spring, till they wrought their work too gradually for danger.

"For a God there is! Over space, over time,
While the human will rocks like a reed to and fro,
Before the will of the Holy, a purpose sublime,
A thought woven over creation below."

And when it was built and began to run, what waves of excitement swept across Fielding County! Over that half-ballasted track the trains crept cautiously and slow; but still they went, from Deerbrook to Mile End. The directors had kept their promise—the West Shetucket Railroad began to run (!) before Christmas. There was, indeed, a dreadful lack of stations, or even platforms. You were dumped in a stubble-field or a snow-drift, as the case might be, if you dared to have an errand or a visit to make in any tiny village along the track; the conductors growled and the brakemen swore over the undulating rails and the sliding sand-banks; passengers looked grave or terrified, and every old lady in the county uttered fearful prophecies of wreck and destruction. But none came. Through storms of snow, rain, or sleet, through shifting swamps, over steep hillside grades, through beds of wet and sinking clay, where the rails were hidden in their mud and the wheels emerged covered with its slime, those unwearied trains went sure and safely, with their living freight. Sometimes a funeral, bearing the dead, who had looked and longed for this new means of transit, to their old homes—to a still older but still newer home, from which they should go no more out forever, till the Lord of the highway came in final splendor. Sometimes with a gay wedding party, all smiles and bluahes, sweet shyness and fair futile hopes; a party to whom the West Shetucket Railroad was little other than the way to Paradise and Deerford almost a Celestial City. Here you saw a girl-mother tending her white bundle of a baby with tender awkwardness and pride; or a child with its fair face all eagerness and thought as the wayside flew past dream-fashion; and then a young couple flying from friends and home, to build their own place for themselves, smiling to think that no tell-tale wires as yet sung their message of arrest side by side with their flight. Poor fugitives! Which of them will be first to retrace these hasty steps, to repent at leisure? Few at first were the venturous spirits who dared to trust themselves on a new and precarious road like this. Errands of sorrow or love, or the mightier mercantile necessities of men, chiefly filled these cars. But when spring came; when the frosts retreated and the snows silently glided off; when the ground, so long swollen with the torture of bitter cold, resumed its natural shape, and the unbound streams rushed sparkling to the sea; then, when the imperfect road-bed was ballasted and the cars ran so smoothly that not a jar shocked the nerves of the weakest woman or disturbed the tiniest baby's sleep—then, indeed, did the railroad become a highway for all West Shetucket. It was like going to a country sewing society to take the train anywhere. From Goshen and Edom and East Goshen, Goshen Center, North Edom, Manoah, and Sampsonville, from Noppit and Shepang, from Slate City, Stub Hollow, Smithboro', and Bungtown, from New Deerbrook and Pekin, from Wampanoak and Christian's Turnpike, from East Branch and Scotland, men, women, and children flocked in crowds. Such friendly greetings as filled the train.

"Why, Miss Perkins, how *do* you do? I hain't seen ye this ten year; but I know ye right away."

"Well, dew tell, if you ain't Mari' Bangs! I never did! You look jest as natural."

Another voice takes up the thread:

"Yes, I've been to Deerbrook. Haven't been there this twenty year, as true's you live. So I set to 'nd hunted up a lot o' mother's cousins; 'nd they was dreadful pleased to see me, you'd better believe."

Here comes in a tottering old man, with a rosy child to guide him:

"Ef there ain't Father Smith 'nd Mal-viny's boy!" And forthwith a trio of smiling, congratulating friends surround the tremulous old minister, and welcome him to the new light and life of this swift and pleasant highway. "A wonderful thing, friends; wonderful, Brother Watson. I remember the first stage that ran through Taxville. Dear me, dear me! The day of the Lord seems to be a-coming!" Sinking into his seat with a sigh of content that is half weariness and surprise, does it ever pass through Father Smith's mind that the West Shetucket Railroad is "a highway for our God"? Now we stop at North Edom. What mighty influx is this? Have all the Edomites in a body resolved to leave their native land? What quaint garments some of them wear; what out-of-date fabric and what curiosities of style. Bonnets that date twenty years back—respectable bonnets, with thick ribbon bowed and knotted across them, and fronts that really have a use. Gowns of figured stuff, that betray in their very pattern the year of their fabrication, to any accustomed eye; shoes with toes equally significant—sensible shoes, without heels. Strange enough is the aspect of these North Edomites; but having withal a flavor of sense and frugality that is better to behold than the cheap and flaunting finery of the more youthful among them—the gay dresses of flimsy woolen material, flounced and overskirted, looped and trailing—

"The flirtish form to poor materials lent,
And one frail robe through fifty fashions sent."

Silly enough to a superficial beholder; sad enough to those whose eyes see in these outer symbols the expression of that incessant striving for appearances, that mad race to be foremost, that is working such integral destruction in American society, in American life. We are idealists in this country from the force of circumstances; a country of hope and experiment is of necessity a sort of dreamland. The dreadful real is ignored as long as it can be, and when it grasps us, at last, in whatever shape it may come, the excited brain gives way, the overdriven physical nature drops, the hot-beating heart bursts its bound at last; then comes paralysis, insanity, death. Better, far better for soul and body the steady bond of despotism, the rigorous hand of law and order, the stern face of enforced duty, than this mad freedom, where every man does that which is right in his own eyes, where the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, where might is right. May God avert the end that threatens us. And may not even this iron path—with its utter obedience to law, that considers no man's individual pleasure in its passage, that is governed by relentless time, whose over-riding messengers and carriers arrive and leave like the punctual stars when nothing thwarts their passage—be in its very nature a lesson of obedience and law to the millions who use it for pleasure or necessity? Perhaps therein the West Shetucket Railway, and every other line of rail across this iron-webbed continent, is in a certain sense a highway for our God.

But here are the North Edomites crowding and crushing in among us. What *do* they all want? It is too early for a picnic; and, besides, this crowd are all "assorted sizes," as they say of needles. They have bags and handboxes and satchels; but all are limp and light. A garrulous young woman, in a lavender gown with pink trimmings, a pea-green hat and yellow gloves, at last reveals the state of affairs. After much twisting of her long, sallow neck, more bowing and smirking and grimacing, her high, shrill voice, the unavoidable voice of the country, shrieks aloud to a neighbor:

"*Did* you ever? I do b'lieve the hull o' North Edom's goin' shoppin'."

"I guess they be," returns the youth addressed, lifting his stovepipe hat, and with a dexterous motion extracting from its crown one of those big bandanna handkerchiefs the past generation were used to flourish, even from the pulpit. "All comes o' them big bills, Sereny. Hain't you seen 'em stuck onto all the posts, 'nd the hay-scales, 'nd the sign-board? I'll bet ye a copper they're all a-goin' to Swan & Peters-es. They're all-fired smart, them folks; they've been and gone an' got their advertisin' a-printed onto the backs of these here tickets, jest as sure as you live!"

"Well! I declare for 't!" exclaimed Sereny, somewhat overpowered by the extensive idea. To be sure, all North Edom was going shopping, and two hours after the whole body of them, amounting to nearly a hundred, proceeded *en masse* up the street leading from Deerford station to its Main street, and so choked the mouth of that narrow thoroughfare, as they paused to wonder where they might find Swan & Peters, that two policemen approached to disperse them as a nuisance, when lo! they suddenly melted and streamed down the broader street in hurrying squads, for Deacon Perkins had studied the nearest numbers and discovered which way lay their goal. And soon the shop of these acute tradesmen was crowded from end to end with eager, confused, stammering, giggling customers, nine-tenths of whom I am creditably informed bought dresses of gray spring poplin, warranted to wash. I meant to visit North Edom on some bright May Sunday, to see the village in uniform; but I never did. Was it only spring poplin that these quaint customers carried home from Deerford? Had they no broader ideas of the world that lay beyond their own little valley? no expanded feeling of the vastness of space and the race they belonged to? no consciousness, dim and groping, but still consciousness, of their own small significance, hitherto so much to themselves? Will not this outlet into the great life of the world gradually but finally teach them lessons, otherwise never learned, of humility, reverence, faith in Him who holds the earth in his hand while he cares for its sparrows? Even while these desert people look on the West Shetucket Railroad as a highway for their use and amusement, is it impossible that it may be to them also a highway for their God?

To a person at all conversant with life in the deep country of New England, life in lonely farms among its wild mountains or on the bare, desolate hills that roll their sullen brown summits mile on mile through the lower tracts of this region, there is nothing more painful than the prevalence of crime and disease in these isolated homes. Born to an inheritance of hard labor, labor necessary to mere life; fighting with that most valorous instinct of human nature, the instinct of self-preservation, against a climate not only rigorous but fatally changeful; a soil bitter and barren enough to need that gold should be sown before more than copper can be harvested, without any excitement to stir the half-torpid brain, without any pleasure (which is to the moral nature what sugar is to the physical), the New England farmer becomes in too many cases a mere creature of animal instincts, akin to the beasts that perish—hard, cruel, sensual, vindictive. An habitual church-goer, perhaps; but none the less thoroughly irreligious. All the keener sensitiveness of his organization blunted with overwork and underfeeding, till the finer emotions of his soul dwindle and perish for want of means of expression, he revenges himself on his condition in the natural way. And when you bring this same dreadful pressure to bear on women, whose more delicate nature is proportionately more excitable, whose hearts bleed silently to the last drop before their lips find utterance—when you bring to bear on these poor, weak souls, made for love and gentleness and bright outlooks from the daily dullness of work, the brutality, stupidness, small craft, and boorish tyranny of husbands, to whom they are tied beyond escape, what wonder is it that a third of all the female lunatics in our asylums are farmers' wives? that domestic tragedies, even beyond the scope of a sensation novel, recur daily in these lonely houses, far beyond human help or hope? To such desolation what a fresh breath of hopeful air may the mere passage of a railway train bring—the sight of crowding human faces, the excitement of the rapid motion, the possibility of near and swift escape from one's own torture, if extremity comes. All this dispels, as it were, the mephitic air of solitude, gives these desperate, gasping souls breath. And these iron rails, these wooden ties, these piled embankments, framed to minister ostensibly to the more enriching of their owners, become, in a sense of which the maker and builder wist not, "a highway for our God."

Then comes another phase of this ministering spirit whose wings are flaming fire—the mere force of human contiguity upon the average human mind. There are, no doubt, poets and philosophers who walk the world in such absorption within their own spirits that the crowd about them pass for motes or illusions—they have their own place and do their own work, as well as the rest of us; but who has not noticed the universal interest of a car-full of people in each other? How they look about and stare, all at each; how they examine the finery of that city belle, going to gather roses in the country for her city campaign next winter; how her flounces are numbered and her chignon inspected. Noppit and Shepang will be filled with feeble imitations of them in a month, and all the wearers rejoice in their superior style. There is a woman all alone in that seat; the sadness that broods like a shadow over her wan, sweet face tells its own story in the drooping eye and trembling lips, better even than in the crape that overhangs them. Watch a moment, and see how every face that passes her kindles with pity or interest. Or the pair of lovers, too evidently lovers, in the corner. They do not see anything but each other—the amused smile, the spark of fun in other eyes. The half-sad, half-sympathetic look are lost on them. They do not know how many unknown "take an interest," to use a commercial phrase, in their little venture. Or that pale, trembling man, brought in by strong arms and laid on a hastily-prepared bed, going home to die. How we all turn and gaze and inquire. Even Serena, who, in spite of her voice, her dress-her starved and sallow visage, has a tender feminine heart and is motive force, to the public eye, extracts from her pocket a bottle of bay rum, and passes it along for the dying stranger's refreshment. Is it for no purpose that we are made so often and so openly to feel our kindred with our brethren according to the flesh? to enter into troubles and joys impersonal to ourselves? to bear one another's burdens, though only temporarily? If we are brought, even without our assent or conscious knowledge, so to fulfill the law of Christ, may it not be, after all, that this highway in the desert is, indeed, a highway for our God?

Now comes summer, and the West Shetucket Railroad is crowded and overrun with excursions. Sunday-schools become rabid for the country. With banners and bands, with provisions of meat and drink, with gay garments and gayer faces, children flock into the cars and fill them with din and laughter. Ah! what good do not these gracious prospects of field and flood, of valleys and hill-tops, do to those city-bleached creatures we hardly dare to call children. Christ fed the multitude before he taught them. Is our wisdom in excess of his? How those dim eyes brighten and those sodden faces take on new life, as the train speeds up higher levels, to Scenery Junction; and shouts of wholesome delight and fun make the woods re-echo, as these battered images of the Lord emerge from their conveyances into the fragrant solitudes, hitherto only vocal with his whispers, now to resound with his praise, even though it be the praise of laughter, instead of psalm or prayer. And here another crush comes, a cheap trip. Is any blessing of his anything but cheap? Is not the greatest of all "without money and without price"? Is it not a remote contingency of that very blessing that makes it possible for all these overworked men and women, whose pinched features and knotted hands show the signs unmistakably, to breathe once more the breath of life, to be fed with the beauty of indolent Nature, to be rested with the refreshment wherewith He alone causeth the weary to rest? All these tired bodies and exhausted minds that drink from the living streams of pure air and lavish loveliness to-day are just so far forwarded in their growth, in their strength, in their intelligence. They return to their homes to-night not alone better, but wiser, for their advance into other scenes and atmospheres. We talk about progress, we boast of our wisdom over our forefathers. How do we know that this steady march of mind forward is not merely the natural result of our planet's steady advance into space? May not "an ampler ether, a diviner air" stimulate us in this awful onward progress, even as a change of atmosphere on earth temporarily quickens our mental activity? Is it for us to boast of our advances in wisdom, and plume ourselves on the improvements that we call so wonderful? or to veil our eyes and hold our breath amid the rushing on toward Him of the brief home allotted to us, and utter our inaudible wonder and praise that, as well as through the desert places of the earth, so also through the illimitable deserts of infinite space there is prepared a highway for our God?

Art.

FINE MANNERS AS A FINE ART.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

IF it should be demonstrated that fine manners are as much a result of individual and national culture as any other branch of artistic accomplishment, and that without this recognition of their origin, and the special study and practice which they imply, it is impossible for a people to possess them, might we not hope that our fashionable classes will give more attention to their development among themselves as a tangible support of the social distinction they covet? The mischief now is that, on the score of wealth or other artificial prop, they assert an aggressive and exclusive superiority to all others, without giving heed to the culture of those intellectual and artistic qualities by which alone one civilized man can exercise any real superiority over his less instructed neighbor. A completely cultivated mind and person is God's elected aristocrat. What man's is we may see in the shallow pretense and silly snobbery of every merely fashionable coterie, the world over. No nation, as yet, can claim to have a perfect set of aristocrats, in the godlike sense. Each, however, where attention has been given to polite culture, as its only legitimate credential of rank, may credit itself with some specific intellectual advantage or tone of manner which is a genuine adornment, as far as it goes, distinguishing its possessor from the mass of the people, who care for none of these things. All this tends to show that the complete man is yet to be formed out of the union of the various virtues which are slowly developing under those diverse influences that are preparing the way for the final unity of the human race into a perfected type of civilization—one which shall fittingly represent the finality of man's progress on earth. Meantime, to help forward the desirable consummation of our common triumph over Nature and ourselves, it is wise from time to time to take stock of our general accomplishments, with a view of rejecting all spurious and unsound elements, and of selecting and adapting to our own higher uses whatever there is sound and good of our neighbor's acquirements. None will dispute that polite culture is the distinguishing trait of the highest style of man, although there may be a divergence of opinion as to what polite culture absolutely includes. To my mind, it combines the best wisdom of the world with the finest manners. These are not always united as they should be to entitle the claimant to an indubitable position among the elect of mankind; but whatever may have been acquired in any direction under either of these heads is an advance in the right road. Aristocrats, in this sense, but in no other, are a legitimate and necessary class of men. They represent the attainable ideal of our common humanity; are its jewels of adornment and captivation; lustrous with celestial lights and attractive unless ground by rude violence back into their composite earth bases. As each man shines with this sort of diamond polish, he may measure his hight above the stolid average of ordinary intelligence and whatever is intrinsically vulgar, selfish, and mean in human nature at large. The chief difficulty, in view of the common weaknesses of our humanity, is to know how our gem actually shines. To our own eyes it may appear the most brilliant of lights, while another's may see no such dazzlement; indeed, rather the reverse—the false, uncertain glitter of a confused soul and dubious knowledge.

And herein lies my point. Setting aside at this moment all question as to the degree of wisdom which should be incarnated in a veritable aristocrat as necessary to one of our self-elected or Nature-selected guides and teachers, there can be no doubt that his wisdom, be it more or less, should shine in a truly courteous deportment alike to all persons, of whatever station in life, making each one feel that, however inferior he may be in worldly possessions or learning, the aristocrat, acknowledges in him a human heart, with mutual feelings and innate aspirations, and an ultimate possibility of rising to a higher condition in life; in fine, in every man recognizing the germ of a perfect being, after Christ's idea of human fraternity. Just in the degree he falls short of this feeling, and of manifesting these sentiments in his deportment, he is a spurious aristocrat, of less intrinsic importance, though of greater unsoundability in the moral economy of the universe, than the humblest person he secretly despises and outwardly insults.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that fine manners are the instinctive, spontaneous language of what we term a good heart. A kind heart may or may not be represented by polished manners. Indeed, an evil heart sometimes assumes an irreproachable style of manner to cover up its wiles. A good heart will no more do a mean action than think one; but is often led, from lack of the acquirements which belong in culture to a sunny or soul-rasping way. It has never duly considered the value of fine manners in setting off to best advantage the natural and acquired virtues of character. Like a good style of dress, they not merely lighten the popular impression of the individual; but, in superadding beauty to goodness, double the pleasure of the recipient, prove to him a grateful lesson, and an inspiration to try to elevate his own standard of politeness and fraternal sympathy to the level of his precious examples. True politeness is so exquisite an art, and all the more interpenetrative when blended with heart, that it is always taken as a direct compliment, which raises even the rude man in his own self-esteem. It makes him, even if but for a brief instant, more gentle and loving, inspires him with an idea of an ideal manhood, and, consequently, is a practical almsgiving to the soul in spirit, of the most attractive, cheering nature. There are none too poor in purse to be charitable after this fashion, philanthropic, I might say; and none so rich that they may not increase their popular consideration by a generous use of this small coin. It has the power even to reverse these positions, by making the poor man of infinite courtesy seem stocked with the only riches that cannot be lost and pass current everywhere, while the rough, selfish Cressus is felt, beside him, to be so bemixed with the dross of the world that none do him honest reverence.

As heart acknowledges heart, so enlarges a man's kingdom over his fellows. He may not be equally drawn to all persons, or equally expanded by the influence of their minds; nay, we may and often must be thrown back all the more, in sheer self-defense, from the citadel of our own individuality; yet we may mantle our retreat, as we can cover an unproved, by a fineness of manner which shall not openly disguise an intuitive antipathy or hide a contracted prejudice, and thus, while keeping on the safe side, leave a door for a reconstructed opinion or the way to change an enemy into a friend. There is no real insincerity in this. A man is by conscience bound to allow an opportunity of return to a repentant sinner, as well as to give every one the opportunity and to inspire him with the desire of doing his best. Above all men the aristocrat, by the consideration he expects from others, and his duty as the ideal man, is bound to be a bright example of morality and intelligence, as illustrated, by fine manners to all, without distinction of person. "*Noblesse oblige.*" On no other ground has he any right to our courtesy. Money, fine clothes, position, and untold luxury are more often at the disposition of knaves, fools, and vulgar men than of the wise and unselfish. The Devil's aristocracy is still numerous in society. The genuine aristocrat must, therefore, base himself on a less precarious foundation than vile liers, or those things which, at the best, if they do not actually debase the spirit, tend to materialize life and so weigh it down with artificial burdens that it has no scope or enjoyment beyond its own little puddle of conceits and interests. Even the spurious aristocrat, in order to shine dimly for a brief moment, has to counterfeit the appearance in some degree of the true one. There can be no honest national polish or cordial satisfaction in being together, for all classes, without superadding this form of beauty to our civilization. Fine manners are the universal open sesame to all men's souls. How far they have been acquired by various people, as a whole, with their noticeable differences, showing incompleteness, reciprocal teachings, with illustrations from actual life, remains to be seen.

FLORENCE, ITALY, AUGUST, 1872.

Music.

THE musical season in New York opens early and with unusual vigor. Mario and Carlotta Patti will appear next Monday, to be followed in one week by Anton Rubinstein, and a week later by Pauline Lucca and Miss Kellogg. The opera this winter promises to be exceedingly interesting; and, if the other members of the company prove worthy of the two prima donnas, Messrs. Maretzek and Jarrett may anticipate a profitable campaign. The plans of the Philharmonic Society are not yet announced, nor has anything been heard of the Church Music Association. Mr. Theodore Thomas continues his admirable concerts at the Central Park Garden, and some of our leading connoisseurs have been trying to induce him to give a series of symphony concerts during the winter. We sincerely trust they may succeed.

....Herr Dietricht, of Vienna, writes to one of the continental journals to correct two misstatements in the current biographies of Pauline Lucca, which he seems to consider particularly damaging. One is that the prima donna is 31 years old, when she is really only 27; the other, that her parents were Jews, in a wretched state of poverty, whereas her father "had once been a well-to-do Italian merchant, while her mother was sister to an Austrian officer of distinction." The contradiction does not seem to be complete; but some people may be glad to get it, such as it is.

....The triennial festival of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester is held this week in Worcester Cathedral. The principal works announced for performance, in whole or in part, are the "Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Elijah," and "Hymn of Praise," and Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew."

....A new opera by Victor Massé, "*Paul et Virginie*," is to be brought out at the Gaité, in Paris, with M. Capoul as the hero. Ambroise Thomas has rearranged his opera "Psyche," adding recitives, and it will be performed this season at the Paris Grand Opera, by Nilsson and Faure.

....Among the English compositions announced to be produced at the Norwich musical festival, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict, are a new cantata by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, entitled "Outward Bound," Mr. A. S. Sullivan's "Te Deum," and Dr. Bennett's "Rhineland."

....Herr Karl Krebs, father of the young lady pianist who recently visited America, has been appointed director of music at the Roman Catholic court church at Dresden, and has given up the direction of the Royal Opera, in which he has long been engaged.

....The principal musical attraction this winter in Paris is to be the *reprise* of Ambroise Thomas's "Psyche," rearranged for the grand opera, with recitatives. Nilsson is to take the part of *Eros*.

....A society has been formed at The Hague for the purpose of popularizing the works of J. S. Bach. The first of a series of performances of the great composer's music is announced to take place in October.

....Mlle. Albani, the young Canadian prima donna, who has been so successful in London, is engaged for the winter season of Italian opera in Paris.

....Wachtel was recently at his villa near Wiesbaden, resting, and studying the *rôle* of *Lohengrin*.

....Johann Strauss has just completed an operetta entitled "The Carnival of Venice."

Science.

CRYSTALLINE silica, well known under the common name of *quartz*, was long supposed to be of a single species only, belonging to the hexagonal system, and having a specific gravity of 2.6. Not long ago, Professor Von Rath found that silica was dimorphous, and described under the name of *Tridymite* a new species, which has a specific gravity of only 2.3, also crystallizing in the hexagonal system, but with different axes from those of quartz. Now we are informed that silica is even trimorphous, by the announcement of a third form of the crystallized mineral by Professor Neville Story-Maskelyne, under the name *Asmanite*, fancifully derived from Asman, the Sanscrit term for the thunderbolt of Indra. It was detected among the constituents of the meteorite found at Breitenbach, in Bohemia, now deposited in the British Museum; and is, therefore, a meteoric mineral. The new mineral has the lowest specific gravity of all—2.24; but differs from both the other species in belonging to the prismatic or trimetric system. As it occurs only in minute grains, more or less rounded, and exhibiting few crystalline faces, it is difficult to measure inclinations of faces and axes. Its hardness is 5.5. Two analyses show that it consists of silica mainly and a small amount of foreign matter.

....M. Ruhmkorff has invented an apparatus for the generation of ozone by passing a series of sparks from an electrical machine or from an induction coil through oxygen gas. It consists of a rectangular wooden case, containing several horizontal ranges of metal plates, the alternate plates being connected with the poles of a battery, each to each. The plates thus arranged act as a condenser, and serve to increase the intensity and number of sparks. Oxygen is supplied to the case from a reservoir, and the ozone is drawn off by means of an aspirator. With this new apparatus M. Ruhmkorff has obtained results of great interest, which he promises soon to announce to the scientific world.

....M. F. Tommasi believes that the expansion produced in liquids by heat may be converted into dynamic work and easily applied, as a motive force, to the hydraulic engine. He endeavors to show that by the expansion of oil, instead of water, pressure being caused to act directly on the piston of the press, one-half the quantity of heat employed in the ordinary steam-engine produces the same degree of tension. By a simple apparatus, consisting merely of a boiler in communication with a piston-box, the boiler being filled with oil, and heated by means of gas, a saving of seventy-five cent. over other machines is effected.

....In the earlier days of glacier investigation Professor A. Guyot traced the lines of transported rocks from the sides of the Jura Mountains across the plain to their sources in the Alps, demonstrating the fact that in former times the glacier of the Rhone spread westward over lower Switzerland, and carried moraine *debris* as far as the Juras. Lately the path of this glacier has been traced onward in the same direction all the way from Geneva, southwestward to Lyons, and even to Vienne, in Dauphiny. Soon after leaving the basin of the Leman, it was joined by the glacier of the Arve, descending from Chamounix and the Mer de Glace; then it met and surmounted the local glaciers in the valleys of Bugey, depositing its moraines of crystalline rocks over their moraines of limestone material.

....The Chinese have a vegetable which they call *Kau-sun*, and which Dr. Hance, in the *Journal of Botany*, commends as one of the best vegetables known, resembling the American green-corn nearest in flavor, but possessing its own peculiar richness and delicacy. It is altogether probable that we possess the same thing without knowing it, for the shoots used are the solid base of a species of grass—*Hydropyrum latifolium*, very closely allied if not absolutely identical with our *Zizania aquatica*, a tall marsh grass, known by the common names of water oats and Indian rice. The latter is popularly known as affording the food of wild ducks, and the grain so largely gathered by the Indians of the Northwest. It abounds in the shallow borders of streams, ponds, etc., of the Northern States and fills the marshes of the great lakes. Our plant may afford similar esculent roots; at any rate, the experiment is well worth the trial.

....Professor Hayden, with his party, at late advices, had reached Fort Ellis, and was ready to start for the higher mountains as soon as the rivers would permit, and was quite impatient of delay on account of high water. Professor Bradley, geologist of the expedition, announces, as one of the first results, the discovery of the Quebec group in the mountains of the Malade Valley. It there shows a development of at least 1,000 feet, and abounds in trilobites, with some gasteropods and brachiopods. The limestone is underlaid by a compact ferruginous quartzite, which from its position may be regarded as a representative of the Potsdam sandstone. It has been traced to the angle of Fort Neuf Canyon, a distance of over fifty miles.

....A veritable sensation was caused a few weeks ago in France by M. Decaine's communication to the Academy of Medicine, wherein the fact was shown that in France the proportion of births to marriages was unusually low—so low, indeed, that it will be difficult for France ever to find men wherewith to "avenge Sedan." In Prussia 100 marriages return 400 children; in France only 300. In Prussia the percentage of births to population is 3.98; in France it is 2.35. In the former the annual excess of births over deaths is 13,300 in every million; in the latter it is only 2,400. According to these statistics, it would take the population of France 170 years to double itself; that of Prussia, 42; that of Russia, 60; and that of Great Britain, 52 years.

....Investigations into the geology of Nevada, conducted during the present season by Prof. Cope, have resulted in the discovery of an extensive lake basin, which was filled with fresh water during some of the Tertiary periods. Its deposits were thrown into lines of upheaval by the elevation of the Ruby Mountain Range and the North Humboldt Range, while the Humboldt River traverses the deepest portion of the old lake. The Humboldt River Sink is its last remnant, related to the Humboldt River as the Great Salt Lake is to the Bear River of Utah. The strata are in many places exceedingly thin and paper-like, resembling the brown Kohle of Prussia. Two seams of a cannel-like coal of about three feet each in thickness have been exposed by excavations. This is the most western locality for coal east of the Sierra Nevada. The shales contain great numbers of fossil fishes, insects, plants, etc. The fishes are all of fresh-water types; one of them is related to the existing type of suckers, and has been called *Amyzon mentale*. It is a sucker with the sucking mouth "left out"; that part resembling its prototype in ordinary fishes. Another species is related to the "Bull-minnows" (*Cyprinodontidæ*), but differs from known genera in having bristle-like bodies, instead of ordinary scales. It is called *Trichophanes hians*. The insects are chiefly mosquitoes and long-legged flies (*Tipula*).

Missions.

REV. H. RITCHIE, of the English Presbyterian Mission, has recently made a tour among the stations in the Island of Formosa, where the cause of the Gospel has made such remarkable progress within the past year. At Toa-sia, instead of a private house, as before, for purposes of Christian assembly, he found a chapel. From a long list of inquirers he judged fourteen persons, by reason of their faith, worthy of baptism and participation of the Lord's Supper. Several adults have become good readers, and the children generally receive with gladness the news of the way of salvation.

At Lai-sia marked progress has taken place within the past six months. Here, also, a neat chapel has been built; and a helper, by faithful labor, has gathered about him a circle of from sixty to eighty readers, who are wont to meet in their own houses to study together the Word of God. On the Sabbath, in the presence of over 200 spectators, nineteen men and eleven women professed faith in Jesus. Besides these, a number of young men were baptized; while at the same time the missionary speaks of being most favorably impressed with the humble and decided testimony of the women.

In the circular plain of Po-sia, surrounded by hills, are scattered about thirty villages, each having a population of about 300, many situated on elevations thirty to fifty feet above the general level. All these villages are described as standing in a waiting attitude toward the Gospel, and the people of four of them are anxious to have chapels for Christian services. At one of these Rev. Mr. Ritchie preached to 400 hearers, and to another to an audience of 600 persons, of whom twenty-two were received into the church by baptism, to all of whose members the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was then administered, in the presence of the whole assembly, which preserved perfect decorum throughout. A party from a mountain tribe, Sui-Hoan, visiting the missionary and his friends to claim kindred relationship, on hearing of the one living and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent, expressed their desire to be instructed in the way of life; but no helper was at hand to return with them. In this district at least 160 families have accepted the Gospel and become regular Christians. Everywhere the success of the preaching of the truth is observed to be among natives of the island, and not among foreign Chinamen.

....Rev. Wm. Taylor writes from Bombay of a continuance of that remarkable success which has distinguished his labors from the first; and asks for re-enforcements, that he may go to "fields beyond." He advises, in addition to the work which the brethren are now doing, the organization of "a light-footed army in tents," that shall be more progressive than missionaries that are simply planted and stationed in given localities. He says: "Our Mohammedan convert goes on well. We have a high-caste Hindu officer in the custom-house round from Goa, who is baptized a couple of months ago. He gave up a fortune coming to him as a Hindu, and became a despised Methodist. One night, after sacrament, I heard him exclaim: 'I have received my blessed Lord Jesus; and I would not give him up for ten thousand worlds!'" He has preached out of doors to congregations of Hindus and Parsees, ranging in numbers from 200 to 400, and reports deep and increasing attention. "Allow God to lead us," he adds, "and pray for us, and we'll cut the enemy's lines and rescue a multitude of heathen captives."

....In the annual sermon before the directors and friends of the London Missionary Society Rev. Griffith John represented the Chinese as a nation to be characterized by an absence of religious feeling and life. They are shrewd, practical, commercial, and secular to an extreme, and never more so than in their religious performances. In the temple, as well as in the shop, they have a steady eye to business. They bargain with their gods, just as they do with each other, and their religious duties are purely business transactions. A sense of sin, contrition for guilt, humble gratitude, spiritual communion, reverence, love, and emotions of like character do not enter into the composition of their worship. There is no thirsting for the spiritual, the heavenly, and the divine; no longing for blessedness and the life eternal. On this account it is difficult to draw their attention to the question of religion at any time, and, even when this is attracted, to make them feel its importance.

Still there are at the present time more than 7,000 communicants in China. There are devoted Christians, churchmembers, who, notwithstanding the weakness of the religious instinct in the Chinese mind, have tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come; men who are earnest, zealous, warm-hearted followers of Jesus, and are exerting their influence to spread the divine life in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen. "I have seen," he said, "the story of divine love move even the Chinese to tears."

Yet it would be untrue to regard these 7,000 converts as representing the total apparent results. There are hundreds around the various stations who are standing somewhere between the two kingdoms. Men who have been halting between two opinions for years are constantly being received into communion. Here and there people are beginning to question their own creed in connection with some have already cast them aside as worthless; and there are not a few who have become Christian in sentiment, although they have not as yet joined any church organization. And, in addition to all this, there are invisible results which are still greater and even more important in the foundation and preparation for all future growth and success.

....In his anniversary address to the Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, spoke of the missionary influence of sailors as follows:

"We should give special attention to the evangelization of the seamen, because they will make excellent foreign missionaries. The sailor must be either one thing or the other. There is no half-heartedness about him. If he is religious, then he has so many difficulties to encounter and so many temptations to face that he must be religious out and out. Religion is thus with him something very positive and decided, and so his influence will tell mightily wherever he goes. You know what kind of ministers converted the sailors under John Newton, who was taken from the cabin of a slave-ship to be a preacher of the Gospel, was all the more determined in his ministry because of the life out of which he had been brought. Your own Father Taylor, of Boston, is another illustration in point. And in England, many years ago, we had a similar instance in boatswain Smith. These are specimens of the sort of men converted sailors make. Now, if they were all converted men, what a noble band of missionaries they would become. Too often, in former days, their conduct has been a stumbling-block to the heathen, to whom the churches have sent their missionaries. While the latter have gone with the Bible, the former have landed with the bottle, and the result has been most pernicious; but, if, in laboring for the benefit of sailors, we should be instrumental in their conversion, then our ships shall bear to every port men whose lives and characters shall adorn the doctrine which the missionaries preach, and thus our commerce shall be the handmaiden of the Gospel of Christ."

....Our Methodist brethren have had to contend with the authorities at Peking for a permanent location in the Southern city. Being not wholly pleased with the locality secured by the missionaries, the officials promised them another, in a different place, which should suit them equally well. This was agreed to on condition of being permitted to go on meanwhile with mission work in the building already occupied. On opening the chapel, however, the censor arrested the agent, who had aided the missionaries in purchasing the property, beating him and holding him in imprisonment. On complaint to the foreign office of bad faith, etc., the authorities there took the agent into their own custody, declared they had no control over the censor, and presently offered their new house, not in the Southern, but in the Tartar city! This was declined at once. Whereupon those authorities stormed and blustered, until the expected effect was supposed to have been wrought; and then one of their secretaries called on Mr. Low, and asked if the missionaries had not better come into the Tartar city now. The reply was: "Of course, not." At the same time word was returned to the Prince that if a great nation like China intended to make so much trouble every time a missionary bought a little house it soon would not have a friend on the face

...ie Week.

...ant on the meeting of ...ree on a scale of great ...mperor of Russia, at... Alexander, the ..., and Prince Gorta... die on the 5th inst., ... railway station by ... the Crown Prince ... Grand Dukes of ...d Weimar, the Duke ...er of German princes, ...Empire, with Prince ..., the most famous ...and the chief digni... court. The Czar and ...on meeting, saluted ...r cordially. The two ...he same carriage and, ...brilliant procession, ...immense multitude, ...ian Logation, where ...r in the day he visited ...Imperial Palace. On ...mperor of Austria ar... ...d with precisely the ...ttentions as were ac... ...wo German emperors ...e streets the cheering ...enthusiasm immense... ...ria everywhere met ...eption from the peo... ...gh Germany to Ber... ...x and Gortschakoff ...nverses, as has also ...e between the Czar ... 7th inst. a grand ...tace in honor of the ... evening a court din... ...perial Palace, the day ...onster torchlight pro... ...of the Prussian tat... musicians. The en... ...illuminated and the ... with multitudes of ...and other officers of ...w in German waters ...Princess Alice. The ...fficial organ] says "the ...rs has not for its ob... ...of assurances of per... ...purpose is to give the ...e continuance of the ...en Germany, Russia, ...stakable evidence that ...empires of Eastern ...d the new order of ...Sedan and other Ger... ...ays may truly that the ...is peace, although the ...may be largely of a ...This triple concord ...e of a peaceful and set...pe."

Democratic Conven..., put in nomination ...is city, for President, ...Adams, of Mass., for ...quently a letter was ...nor expressing sym... ...t of the convention, ...his name used on the ...ation finally adjourned ... other nomination, ...mination to still con... ...r and Adams as their ...nventions were held at ...ate, on the 4th and ...e Democrats, and the ...al Republicans. Both ...on a state ticket with ...Kernan, of Oneida, for ...y M. Depew, of West... ...ant-governor. Samuel ...as nominated for con... ...The Vermont state ...not yet completed; but ...ir give Converse, the ...for governor, 25,618 ...ught that the remain... ...se it to about 26,000. ...ously Republican, and ...tatives stands as fol... 5; Greeleyites, 21.

...e National Congress ... was totally destroyed ...archives of the Con... ...e political journals are ...ing the Spanish occu... ...Tamaulipas and Nuevo ...mands as a condition ...arms that the govern... ...of amnesty so as to ...k part in the rebellion ... offices and military ...ppointment of a new ...al election, so that all ...e in the election for ...in districts where fla... ...free suffrage have oc... ...l his influence among ...f the pacification of the ...hat President Lerdo in... ...ancsty term, but refuses ...t of Diaz's demands.... ...that trains will be run... ...uz and the capital by

...al Society held a Con... ...Netherlands, last week, ... inst. They passed a ... "in the name of the ...e world, admiration for ... champions who have ...or the people's rights, ...e hope of freedom all ... In a violent speech, ... Congress denounced ...tor to his country and ...wretch. The report of ...declared that the Ger... ...icts another war, while ...internationals had for its ...tion of peace. Twelve ... city had seats in the ...York City, instead of ...on as the future seat of ...of the Society. The ...e held at some town in ...Peace Leagues of The ...l communications to the ..., Germany, and Austria ...cenance of the peace of

...Cathedral, Canterbury, ...estroyed by fire on the ...ime the total destruc... ...l magnificent structure ...y the almost super... ...oldiers and firem>n the ...d, with the loss of a ...of the roof. The altar ...a Becket were unin... ...Minnesota" left Liver... the 4th inst., with 600 ...or Utah. They were ....Many of the Jesuits ...y will go to Ireland, ...ed a hearty welcome. ...a made its appearance ...several places in York... ...ousand miners of the ...re preparing to strike ...ges. There has been a ...e prices of English coal, ...tion of manufacturers is ...se of shipping the article

...e National Congress ...ers in Paris for a loan ...The Madrid jour... ...suggestions of English ...ence to the purchase ...n Provisional Govern... ...epudiate the idea that ...the Island of Cuba on ...Havana advices an... ...ween a body of insur... ...troops near the town of ...urisdiction of Bayamo, ...were defeated, with a ...e the Spaniards lost but ...d.

...aracter, by the name of ...numerous aliases, has ...hington, D. C., on sus... ...e murderer of the bank... in this city, some two ...rwards were offered by ...his capture, but he has ...to avoid arrest by wan... ...rty from point to point. ...ledges that he is For... ...e is prepared to prove ...s city at the time of the

...n Pope County, Ark., ...A few days since, the ...dead, and subsequently ...who was officiating at the ...the body, was mortally ...assasins. The governor ...en. Upham to proceed ...County with such forces ...to enforce the laws.

...f the Geneva Board of ...ubtedly at an end, ex...cepting some formalities of signing papers, etc. Abundant rumors are rife as to the amount of the award made for damages—some putting it at thirty and others at fifteen millions; but nothing is known definitely outside of the Board, or will be known, probably, before the litigant governments are officially notified of the amount.

....A telegram has been received at Salt Lake City from Gen. Morrow, at Spring City, that a number of the Utah Indian chiefs and their people have agreed to meet him in council. He says he has reason to hope that his "campaign will result in driving out the hostile Indians and in giving peace to the sorely distressed valley."

....The troubles between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, which it was feared would lead to war between the two countries, have been amicably arranged.

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Darnell, A. T., Bapt., ord., Aug. 19th, at Shiloh church, Cincinnati, O.
Dingwell, James, Cong., ord., Aug. 28th, at Ashfield, Mass.
Eaton, W. H., D.D., Bapt., inst., Sept. 1st, at Keene, N. H.
Fegly, H. N., Luth., inst., Aug. 18th, at Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Harper, W. S., United Presb., ord., Aug. 21st, at Bellow, O.
Holland, T. B., Bapt., ord., Aug. 28th, at Orange, Mass.
Marshall, Henry G., Cong., of Avon, Ct., inst., Sept. 4th, at Charlemont, Mass.
Maynard, Michael P., Bapt., ord., Aug. 28th, at Chesterfield, Ct.
Perkins, Henry M., Cong., ord., Aug. 14th, at Tremont and Mount Desert, Me.
Porter, John W., Bapt., ord., Aug. 30th, at Bethlehem, N. J.
Ricker, George S., Freewill Bapt., ord., Aug. 23d, at Richmond, Me.
Tate, John, Bapt., ord., Aug. 27th, at Bradford, Mass.
Wright, Fernando C., Bapt., ord., Aug 20th, at Jefferson, O.

CALLS.

Adams, D. C., Bapt., of Fort Madison, Ia., to West Eau Claire, Wis.
Adams, B. T., Cong., to Cabot, Vt.
Barclay, J. H., Luth., to Lexington-street church, Baltimore.
Bartlett, E. M., Bapt., of Bath, Me., to West Amesbury, Mass.
Black, George B., Luth., of Wittenberg College, to Lena, Ill.
Borchers, T. F., Bapt., of Marengo, Ill., to Moline, Ill.
Camp, R., Epis., to Monticello, Fla.
Clark, Frederick G., D.D., Presb., to Tompkins-avenue church, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Cole, J. D., D.D., Bapt., to Lockport, Ill.
Denison, Frederick, Bapt., of Mystic River, Ct., to Beers-street church, New Haven, Ct.
Diener, J. F., Luth., of Uniontown, Md., to New Germantown, N. J.
Drew, Edwin A., Univ., to Newburyport, Mass.
Duncan, James, United Presb., to Oxford, O.
Ebbs, Edward, Cong., of Ottawa, Canada, to Appleton, Wis.
Fiske, John B., Cong., of Manistee, Mich., to Ammosa, Iowa.
Foster, J. C., Bapt., of Beverly, Mass., to Randolph, Mass.
Fostere, Mr., Cong., of Malden, Mass., to Chestnut-street church, Chelsea, Mass.
Goodrich, Lewis, Cong., of Wells, Me., to West Auburn, Me.
Greer, D. H., Epis., to Grace church, Providence, R. I.
Hammond, William P., Cong., of Minnetonka, Ct., to North Guilford, Ct.
Hassler, R., Presb., to Wilmington, Ill.
Haydon, Hiram C., Presb., to be copastor of First church, Cleveland, Ohio.
Herr, J. D., Bapt., to Union church Pittsburg, Pa.
Hines, J. W., Univ., of Canton Seminary to Lewiston, Me.
Hovey, Arthur S., Bapt., of Newton Seminary, to Stoneham, Mass.
Howard, Roger S., Epis., to Webster Mass.
Huntington, H. S., Cong., of Warner N. H., to First church, Galesburg, Ill.
Hutchins, D. C., Epis., to Massena N. Y.
Ingersoll, J. M., Bapt.,' of Youngstown Ohio, to Second church, Washington, D. C.
Jackson, J. E., Epis., of St. Charles Mo., to Battle Creek, Mich.
James, J. Sexton, Bapt., of Lewisburg Penn., to Allentown, Penn.
Lee, G. A., Luth., of Selinsgrove, Penn., to Smicksburg, Penn.
McVey, John, United Presb., to First church, Dayton, O.
Nealy, W. A., Bapt., of Starksborough, to Franklin, Vt.
Noble, T. K., Cong., of Cleveland, O., to Second church, San Francisco, Cal.
Offer, Cyrus, Presb., to Broadalbin, N. Y.
Otis, Mr., Cong., of Exeter, N. H., to Dalton, N. H.
Parsons, Benjamin, Cong., of Smyrna, to Saline, Mich.
Perry, Henry G., Epis., to All Saints' church, Chicago, Ill.
Pond, J. Evarts, Cong., of Platteville, Wis., to Hampden, Mo.
Poor, Mr., Reformed (Dutch), to Hudson City, N. J.
Rees, S., Bapt., of Cornwall, Eng., to Tabernacle church, Philadelphia.
Reese, J. W., Luth., of Licking, Penn., to North Washington, Penn.
Richards, James, D. D., Presb., of Boston, to Charlestown, West Va.
Sankey, J. F., United Presb., of Rochester, N. Y., to Buffalo, N. Y.
Schenck, J. W., Reformed (Dutch), to Claverack, N. Y.
Smyth, Hugh, Presb., of Ireland, to Seventh church, Cincinnati, O.
Spaulding, S. J., D.D., Cong., of Newburyport, Mass., to Woburn, Mass.
Thomas, William D., Presb., to Grove Mission, Peoria, Ill.
Thurston, T. G., Cong., to Hayward, Cal.
Totten, Richard, Epis., to Jeffersonville, Ind.
Turner, Mr., Luth., of Wittenberg College, to Upper Sandusky, O.
Van Antwerp, J. A., Cong., of Canandaigua, to Lindington, Mich.
Wallace, President, United Presb., of Monmouth College, Ill., to Second church, Allegheny, Penn.
Warner, William H., Bapt., of Newton Seminary, to Belchertown, Mass.
Warner, Lyman, Cong., to Hartland, Ct.
Winkler, E. T., Bapt., to Marion, Ala.
Williams, C. H., Cong., of Boston, to St Albans, Vt.
Winter, T. W., United Presb., to Adamsville, Ill.
Varley, T. B., Reformed (German), to Xenia, O.

REMOVALS.

Ashley, B. F., Bapt., of Kankakee, Ill.
Bancroft, N. D., Bapt., of Alaska, Mich
Brown, William, Unit., of Sherborn, Mass
Capliuger, W. A., Bapt., of Valparaiso Ind.
Clark, Frederick G., D.D., Presb., of Gates-avenue church, Brooklyn, L. I.
Corfield, E. F., Bapt., of St. Mary's, Ill
Conrad, Dr., Luth., of Messiah church, Philadelphia.
Davis, J. Burnham, Freewill Bapt., of Lynn, Mass.
Evans, P. S., Bapt., of Willimantic, Ct.
Fuson, A. J., Bapt., of Annapolis, Ill.
Gardiner, Hugh B., Presb., of Perry, N. Y.
Gardner, Dr., Bapt., of First church Charlestown, Mass.
Hawk, J. S., Presb., of Westminster church, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Houghton, J. C., Cong., of Island Pond Vt.
Hutton, O., D.D., Epis., of Ascension church, Washington, D. C.
Irons, William, Cong., of Rockford, Ill.
James, Richard S., Bapt., of Zanesville, O
Lovejoy, S. P., Bapt., of Rockport, Me.
Merrill, Charles H., Cong., of Mankato, Minn.
Missildine, Alfred H., Cong., of Pleasant Mount, Mo.
Nash, F. L., Presb., of Westminster church, Sacramento, Cal. Failure of voice.
Partingill, Mr., Reformed (Dutch), of Fort Jackson, N. Y.
Roosevelt, Mr., Reformed (Dutch), of Bronxville, N. Y.
Sabin, Lewis, D.D., Cong., of Templeton, Mass.
Seymour, B. N., Cong., of Hayward, Cal.
Sharp, J. B., of Darlington, Wis. Ill health.
Spencer, W. H., Unit., of Haverhill, Mass. Goes to California.
Tarrant, J. F., Southern Presb., of Columbus, Miss.
Van Zandt, A. B., D.D., Reformed (Dutch), of Montgomery, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Allen, L. B., Bapt., of Maine.
Balch, C. L., Univ., of Elgin, Ill.
Bethune, Dr., Epis., 83, Dean of Montreal, August 27th.
Brooks, E. G., D.D., Univ., 80, of Dover, N. H., Aug. 3d.
Clark, Theodosius, Meth., 86, of Sing Sing, N. Y., August 18th.
Cobb, Leander, Cong., 70, of Marion, Mass., Sept. 1st.
Curtis, Thomas F., D.D., Bapt., 56, of Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 30th.
Folsom, Peter, 62, of Wakefield, Mass., Sept. 3d.
Francis, Daniel D., Cong., 73, of Hartford, Ct., at West Lebanon, N. H., Aug. 16th.
Goddard, Charles G., Cong., of West Hartland, Ct.
Hadden, John, United Presb., of Albion, Ia., August 25th.
Holmes, H. S., Meth., of Vienna, N. Y., Aug. 18th.
McChesney, Mr., Presb., missionary at Canton, China. Shot by robbers.
Post, Alfred B., Presb., of Santa Clara, Cal., Aug. 2d.
Strong, Salmon, Cong., 83, of Princeton, N. J., July 14th.
Whitney, H. E., Univ., at Flint, Mich., Aug. 12th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gardner, George W., D.D., Bapt., of Charlestown, Mass., is elected corresponding secretary of the Missionary Union.
Gibbons, James, Cath., of North Carolina, is appointed Bishop of Richmond.
Dean, James A., Meth., has been elected president of East Tennessee Wesleyan University.
Thompson, H. A., United Brethren, is elected president of Otterbein University.

Our Young Folks.

PANSY'S DEATHBED.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Forth from the dark sea's breast
Broke sounds of somber yearning;
Large in the limpid west
A yellow star was burning.
We heard how the sad sea broke,
How the long wind swept and sighed.
We neither moved nor spoke
Whilst little Pansy died.

'Twas certain she must go:
The end drew nearer, nearer.
She breathed so light and low,
We could not surely hear her;
But we heard how the sad sea broke,
How the weird wind swept and sighed,
And we neither moved nor spoke
Whilst little Pansy died.

At last the end was come;
At last our pet was taking
That deep repose and dumb
Which hath not earthly waking.
Oh! then did one wild cry start
From a watcher at her side,
From a mother's breaking heart,
When little Pansy died!

JOSEY'S BOOTS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THEY were hanging down from the gate-post and knocking their heels together—bran new, not very large, but unmistakably boots. Josey's feet were inside of them, and Josey himself was sitting upon the great square post; but all the rest of him was of little consequence besides those boots. They were his first pair, and this the first day he ever had worn them. A piece of unexpected good fortune it had been, too. His old shoes were worn out at the toes, as Josey's shoes had a fashion of being at intervals, and Mamma was too busy to attend to the matter; so Papa had been dispatched to the store, and these were what he brought home.

"Oh! why did you —" began Mamma, in dismay, when she saw the package opened. But Josey's delight rose so fast and high that her question was quite smothered and never fully finished.

"For, you see, now I've got 'em I shall have to wear 'em always," he explained, confidentially, to his little sister, Mabel. "'Cause folks don't go backward, they go ahead; and a big boy that's had boots don't ever have to wear shoes, like a girl, any more."

So those boots had stamped up-stairs, and down again; they had tried to pull themselves off with the boot-jack, but didn't succeed, because the boot-jack was "no kind of size." They came in from the garden with pants tucked inside of them, and they even tried to make the acquaintance of the blacking-brush; but there Josey got the worst of it, judging from the small shining spots upon his boots and the woeful blackness of his nose and hands, as he looked in at the parlor door.

All the forencon it had been a question of considerable importance with Josey what he and Mabel should play. Ordinary amusements didn't seem quite large enough for him now, and he devised various new projects, to which the admiring little Mabel agreed, following him up and down the long yard, quite sure that something brilliant was to be done. They borrowed knives from the kitchen and dug wonderful cisterns, from which the water leaked out as fast as they could pour it in. Then they made some kites, of no particular shape or style, and after expending a great amount of labor, paper, and string, found that they couldn't be coaxed into flying.

Now the early dinner was over, and the children didn't know what to do next. Mabel stood by the gate, her head resting against it, her gipsy hat pushed back, and her brown eyes soberly studying the road, where the bright spring sunshine seemed turning some of the grains of sand to gold. Josey sat upon the gate-post, swinging his heels, and whistling away at several tunes all at once. He was rather sorry for Mabel, because she hadn't any new boots to look at when she had nothing else to do.

Presently a boy came hurrying up the road, carrying several school-books. Josey knew him; but he had been rather shy of him heretofore, as one of the "big boys." To-day he did not think there was much difference between them, and he called out, quite patronizingly:

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, Chicken," responded Jim, good-naturedly.

That name didn't strike Josey as very flattering; but he persevered.

"Where're you going?"

"To pick blackberries in the Desert of Sahara," answered Jim, carelessly, giving his ...ths a hitch under his arm and pushing on.

Josey meditated upon that information for a minute.

"Say," he called, "I don't know where Sarah's is."

"You'll find out soon enough," laughed Jim, looking back over his shoulder for an instant, and then hurrying forward again.

Josey watched him silently until he disappeared from sight.

"I wish I did know. I'd like to pick some, too," he said, regretfully.

"So would I," said Mabel. "Wouldn't Mamma like it, though?" she added, looking up, with her brown eyes suddenly dancing. "Wouldn't she be s'prised if she should come home and find we'd picked her a nice lot of berries for tea?"

Josey's eyes caught the light at once. Such an enterprise as that seemed something worthy of his new dignity.

"I don't know where to find Sarah's," he said; "but I know where there's a woods, and I guess that would do just as well, 'cause berries grow in the woods, anyhow. We might go there and pick some."

"All alone by our two selves?" asked Mabel, somewhat startled by the boldness of the proposition.

"Course. Why, I could take care of you, I'm a pretty big boy now, you know."

Mabel looked down at his feet. They were two pretty strong arguments.

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly.

"You ask Grandma, Mabel. Run and ask her if we can't go," suggested Josey. And Mabel turned toward the house.

Poor Grandma! She was housekeeper that day; and, somewhat tired with the unusual care and oversight of the morning, had seated herself in her easy-chair to rest and taken up her knitting. She was in just the most particular ...r of her work, counting the stitches carefully, when a little voice broke in:

"Grandma, may Josey and me pick blackberries?"

"Well, dearie. One, two, three, four," answered Grandma, absently, looking through her spectacles straight at her stocking.

"Say, Grandma, may we?"

"Five, six, seven, eight. Yes, yes, child; pick all you can find, in welcome. Only don't trouble Grandma now; she's busy," answered the old lady, kindly.

She had been asked that day if they might have the wheelbarrow for a "carriage to ride to Boston in"; whether they could not borrow the kitchen chairs to build a train of cars; and if she would lend them some knives to dig a well with. Surely, this last request was no more remarkable than the others. She fancied it was some new game to be played in the back yard, and thought no more about it.

Mabel caught up the two little pails they had used to carry water with in the morning, and flew back with the wished-for permission.

"She said we might pick every one we was a mind to," she announced, triumphantly.

Josey slid down from his perch, unfastened the gate, and the small boots and smaller shoes went trudging up the road together. The wood was at some distance from their home; but, though Josey had never led the way before, he knew where to go, as he had said, and, in prospect of the wonders they were to accomplish, they did not mind the long walk, but went chattering and laughing all the way.

It was very pleasant in the old wood, when they reached it, with the patches of soft green moss under their feet and the sunlight sifted down upon them through the branches of the great trees overhead. They sat down upon a trunk of a fallen tree to rest for a few minutes—in fact, Josey couldn't resist the temptation of trying it for a horse. They agreed that a place like this was a great deal nicer to play in than any yard, and decided that when they built a house it should be in the middle of a wood. Then Mabel caught sight of a cluster of bright flowers, and, with an exclamation of delight, sprang forward to gather them. Josey followed her more slowly, and, after plucking a few blossoms himself, suggested that they should leave the rest until they came back.

"'Cause, you see, if our hands are all full, we can't pick the berries when we find 'em," he argued.

A squirrel went frisking past; and the two children started in hot pursuit—laughing, shouting, and running on and on, until the little gray-coat disappeared from sight, and they found themselves, tired and breathless, on the bank of a small stream. That was a pleasant place to rest again. And while they were doing it they amused themselves with throwing pebbles into the water. Then Josey tried sailing a bark boat down the stream, and was so successful that quite a fleet followed. It was hard to leave such a pretty, tempting nook, when they were enjoying themselves so much; and they lingered, fitting out one odd craft after another, until more than an hour had passed before they recalled their original purpose and turned away.

They had entirely lost sight of the road by which they came, and wandered up and down, without any definite idea of where they were going; only looking for berries on whatever bush of whatever description that came in their way. Not a berry appeared, however; and they rambled further and further, sure that every group of undergrowth they discovered in the distance must bear the longed-for fruit, and pressed on toward it, only to be disappointed. The long walk began to tell at last on Mabel's little feet, unused to such continued traveling; and they began to lag sadly. Josey urged her forward, and she tried to keep up bravely, until repeated failures in finding what they sought almost disheartened her.

"I'm 'fraid we won't find 'em time enough for supper," she remarked, timidly, stealing a glance at Josey, to see if he still looked hopeful and confident.

His face had grown rather long and sober; but he pushed right ahead and made no reply. Mabel caught her foot in a tangled vine and fell. Josey helped her up again; but she found it desperately hard work to keep from crying. By and by the trees began to grow fewer and fewer, and they came out of the wood, though not on the side at which they had entered it.

"I guess the berries don't grow anywhere 'cept at Sarah's. I wish I knew where to find it," said Josey, pausing to look around him.

The truth was, he didn't know where to find anything—not even the way home. They were in a long open field now. And, crossing it slowly, they climbed over a fence and stood in a road once more. Presently they saw some one walking toward them—a stout, rosey-faced girl, with a basket on her arm. Josey's courage revived at once. He eyed the basket curiously as it drew near, and asked:

"Do you know where Sarah lives?"

"Sarah who?" questioned the girl, stopping short.

Josey hesitated and looked confused.

"My Sister Sarah, do you mean?" said the girl.

"I guess—I don't know her other name," stammered Josey.

"What a child! Well, I shouldn't wonder if it was my sister. Anyway, she's the only Sarah round here. She lives in that brown house you can just see the top of there. It's a good piece round by the road; but it ain't very far if you get over the fence and go through that field yonder."

The girl hurried on again. Josey wished he had asked about the berries; but it was too late now, so he and Mabel walked away in the direction of "Sarah's." They pressed forward silently, for Josey didn't feel at all sure that "Sister Sarah" was the right one, and Mabel was beginning to wonder uneasily how they should ever get home. It was slow work crossing the field, too, for the ground was uneven and they were tired. They had accomplished more than half the distance, however, when a goat, that had been standing unobserved at the further side of the enclosure, raised his head and came trotting gravely toward them. The two discovered him at the same moment, and stopped in utter dismay, but only for an instant. They had never seen such a creature before, and they turned in wild fright and flew over the ground with all the speed in their power. Josey looked back over his shoulder once, and saw that the animal was walking after them. He did not look again until they had climbed over, rather, tumbled over the fence and reached the road.

"I'm most sure 'twas a bear, Mab," he said, his eyes round and wide.

"He wasn't 'fraid one bit 'cause you wore boots," sobbed poor little Mabel, in dismay at the weakness of this stronghold.

"Course, he didn't care. Why, they ain't afraid of a man," explained Josey, anxious, even in his terror, that no slight should be cast upon his treasures. But Mabel cared for no explanations. She wanted to "go right straight home," she said. So did Josey; but he looked irresolutely up and down, not knowing in what direction to turn, and was finally obliged to falter out that he din't know what way they came. Mabel's tears and sobs increased to a perfect tempest at that. Tired, frightened, homesick, her courage all gone, she threw herself down by the roadside, with her childish heart almost broken; while Josey stood looking down at her, with his own lips quivering—a woefully disconsolate little protector.

A queer old wagon came rumbling up the road, drawn by a blind horse. A colored woman was driving, and she was old and queer, too; but oh! how Josey's eyes brightened when they saw her. He knew her at once—the old woman who brought them vegetables.

"Mabel! Mabel! It's Hannah!" he said, as the wagon drew up beside them.

"Yes, it's me, sure 'nuff; and it's you, too, honeys. But how come ye here? Dat's de question."

"We're lost," said Mabel, dolefully.

"Not bad, I s'pose, kase I kin take ye right home. But I dunno how ye come cl'ar here. Den't cry, sissy; jes' climb in, an' I'll find de way back fur ye." And she helped the two little wanderers to clamber up, found them seats, and jogged on once more.

A kind old heart had Aunt Hannah; and, if her sides did shake with laughter now and then, while she listened to the story of their troubles, she could sympathize too.

"I dunno nuffin' what dat boy meant by Sarah's; but dere ain't no berries dere dis time of year, dat's sure. An' I tell ye what I does know, children: when we sets out to please our frien's—'specially de Bes' One—it's safest to do de little things round handy, what we're sure 'bout. Kase, if we goes wanderin' way off arter big ones, we mos' gen'ally gits lost an' never finds 'em. I've larned dat."

The sun had dropped low behind the hills when they reached home, and for the last two or three hours the whole household had been searching anxiously for the two children. A most marvelous dish of blackberries it must have been that could have called forth such a welcome as was given them.

Old Hannah was coaxed in to eat her supper, and all the afternoon's wanderings talked over. Grandma explained, and the children explained; and everybody concluded that nobody was much to blame, and it was only a mistake all around. "But Josey, my boy," said Papa, as the curly head nestled wearily on his arm, while he pulled off the soiled and dusty boots, "when the shoes are laid aside, and we are old enough for these, we have to be very, very careful that they don't walk us into wrong and crooked paths."

The Sunday-school.

THE beautiful description of Charity in I Cor., xiii—the lesson for Sept. 22d—is of more immediate *practical* worth to us than are some other descriptions in the Bible. The pictures of the Paradise from which our first parents were driven for sin, and of the glorious Heaven prepared for their redeemed children, are precious to us in the lessons they teach or in the hopes they raise; but this delineation of Charity, or Love, is of priceless importance to all who would serve God on earth or enjoy him in Heaven, for "love is the fulfilling of the law," and "every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God," while "he that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." The true child of God is actuated by love. This lesson describes his chief grace. Let every man compare himself with the picture. "Charity suffereth long." He who is moved by love will bear patiently with the way-ward child, or scholar, or neighbor. Charity "is kind." He will show kindness in all dealing with everybody. "Charity envieth not." He will be glad to see another prosperous or happy, even beyond *his* lot. "Charity vaunteth not itself." He is not bragging of his possessions or his performances. "Charity is not puffed up." He does not think he is the greatest or the best man in the world, nor yet that he is a little better than those immediately about him. He thinks little of himself any way. Charity "doth not behave itself unseemly." He will not make a fop or a fool of himself. He will appear neither ridiculous, conceited, slovenly, nor hateful. Charity "seeketh not her own." He is not anxious even about his rights"—insisting on what he calls "a due recognition of himself." He is satisfied that in the long run he will be thought of and treated quite as well as he deserves, if he attends to his business, unconcerned about other people's opinion of him. Charity "is not easily provoked." He is not constantly taking offense because he is wronged or slighted, or somebody else is wronged or is doing wrong. Charity "thinketh no evil." He does not take it for granted that evil is done or intended by those with whom he deals. He is far from suspicion or unfair judgment of others. Charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity." He is not all the time hunting after wickedness, expecting to find it "if told so" when he finds it. Charity "rejoiceth in the truth." He looks for good, expecting to find it. Because he looks for it, he does find it; and then he has a right to say "I told you so." Charity "beareth all things." He who lacks love seems never to bear anything. He dodges every duty, slips out from under every burden laid on him for his brother's or Christ's sake. He who has it never shirks, winces, or complains in the discharge of his personal or social duties, however weighty are the burdens he is called to bear. Charity "believeth all things." He is trustful and confiding, more willing to be occasionally imposed on than to suffer continually from evil surmisings. Charity "hopeth all things." He looks forward with longing expectancy to the better day at hand. He sees and has much of good; he anticipates far more. Charity "endureth all things." The greatest trials and sufferings now are, as he reckons, "not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed" to him. He is submissive to his Father's will, knowing that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Not *all* is told of charity in this lesson that might be said; but enough is given for the old Corinthians and for the modern Americans. The important question, in studying the description, is not, "Is there much of charity in the Church?" nor yet, "Does my neighbor or brother show charity?" It is, "Would *I* be known among my acquaintances by this picture of love?" This is a very important and eminently practical question for every teacher and scholar, young or old.

....Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, who is particularly successful in his Elmira parish in securing the coworking of the family, the Sunday-school, and the church, writes to the *Christian Union* in advocacy of the theory his work so well illustrates. Of the value of this co-operation in these departments he says:

"The weakness of the Protestant Sunday-school is that it is an exceptional hour. Its influence is not in agreement with the practice of the family nor corroborated by the social usages of the church. The family, school, and church, serving together as one institution of religious training, should be in perfect unison. Allowing or causing either one to stand out by itself in fascinating distinction from the other two is highly undesirable. The training in either one of religious habits not recognized in the others is good training wasted.

"Bible study in the Sunday-school will accomplish little if Bible reading have ceased to be a home habit and the pulpit no longer left Scripture for logic, rhetoric, and pulpit effects. But if a pastor worthy of the name will select a series of Sunday-school lessons, that shall stake out the track along which he would lead his flock; if, next, he will select Scriptures for home reading that relate to the lesson or its topic; and if, next, an intelligent church will follow their pastor in exact conformity, results will follow. Children will learn lessons and go to Sunday-school as cheerfully as they do to the daily school; they will obey the church fashion; Scripture will take on new glow when thus read by all together; prayer-meetings will have a theme for conversations and questions; and, come Sunday, the pastor will have a prepared people to whom he can speak with power and great authority, welding at high heat all these Scriptures into one strong bar of truth.

"But to perfect Sunday-school instruction, without some general consent in the family and church will be found a well nigh useless endeavor. The children will obey the prevailing winds, and not the weekly gale in Sunday-school."

....The New York Sunday-school Missionary Union is publishing a catalogue of the books of reference in its library at the Sunday-school Reading-room and Exchange, at 13 Bible House. The extent of this catalogue indicates something of the prominence of the Sunday-school idea in our modern religious literature. Few are aware how many volumes have been issued within the last half century on the history, theory, and practice of Sunday-school work. Including the various helps to Bible study, this catalogue includes about a thousand volumes. It will prove of service to every intelligent Sunday-school worker who consults it. It can, we presume, be obtained on application to J. Finley Smith, as above.

....A Sunday-school teacher, going to "Lange's Commentary on Romans," in his study of the lesson for Aug. 25th, found the following explanation of the statement, "For even Christ pleased not himself": "*Pleasing one's self* denotes the inconsiderate and unfriendly pursuit of the ideals of our own subjectivity in the selfish isolation of our personal existence." Although the teacher received little light on *that* statement, he gained a new illustration of the truth that Bible knowledge is "hid from the wise and prudent" commentators, and revealed to those "babes" who read the Bible, instead of such comments.

....This has been a blessed summer for the poor children of the great cities. Never before were so many of them taken to the woods or the beach on pleasure excursions. In New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Boston, poor children's pic-nics and poor children's rides and sails have been a delightfully fashionable mode of doing good; another evidence that "the hearts of the fathers" are being "turned to the children."

....The last monthly report of the Baptist Sunday-schools of Richmond, Va., as given in the *Earnest Worker*, shows an average attendance in the eight associated schools of 240 teachers and 2,000 scholars during the weeks of mid-summer—a gain of 172 over a year ago. This exhibit should put to the blush some of our Northern Sunday-school men, who think it impossible to keep up city Sunday-schools in hot weather.

...The second National Baptist Sunday-school Convention is called for November 20th, at the Ninth-street Baptist church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pebbles.

"Who's that gentleman, my little man?" was asked of an urchin. "That one with the spiked-tailed coat?" "Yes," was the response. "Why, he's a brevet uncle of mine." "How's that?" was asked. "'Cause he's engaged to my Aunt Mary!"

....Among our national post-offices are the following: Ti Ti, Tote, Why Not, Pipe Stem, Stony Man, Sal Soda, Shickshiny, Snowshoes, Overalls, Lookout, Last Chance, Backbone, Marrow Bones, Sorrel Horse, Tally Ho, and Tired Creek.

....A dying Irishman, asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the Devil and all his works, replied: "Don't ask me that. I'm going to a strange country, and don't intend to make myself enemies."

"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes, I ought to know where you keep your late hours; but I don't."

....An old farmer said of his clergyman, whose sermon lacked point: "Ah! yes; he's good man, but he *will* rake with the teeth upward."

....Why is a man's life safest in the last stages of dyspepsia? Because he can't di-gest then.

....Motto for the Gun Club: "Yonder dove shall be my mark."—*Der Freischutz.*

Publisher's Department.

A HINT TO THE WORKINGMAN.—A man with a family, however poor he may be, owes it to his wife to save her health and strength in every way possible. He has no right to allow the mother of his children to wear her life out toiling with her needle to clothe her family. His duty is to buy the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine, the best machine for family sewing ever invented; and he can buy one for fifty dollars. More than this, he can buy the Wilson machine upon such easy terms as to pay for it in small monthly installments, that he can spare out of his wages without feeling the drain. He will get thereby a machine capable of doing every variety of family work in the most beautiful manner, a machine that even a child can operate, and which will prove a permanent family blessing. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, N. Y., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

The Latest Swindle.—Certain sanctimonious charlatans would fain persuade the world that dilute hydrocyanic acid has no medicinal value, and that delectable slops, composed of prussic acids and drastic purgatives, are better than the plain vegetable ingredients combined with the purest and mellowest products of nature. Bah! this sort of thing won't go down. The stomach of our common sense rejects it, as the physical stomach of every man with an undepraved palate rejects, with loathing and abhorrence, the nauseous concoctions. "Free from alcohol," which humbugs are trying to thrust down the throats of temperance lovers, but the essence that the filth will do them good. It is not likely that while PLANTATION BITTERS, the standard tonic of America, is anywhere accessible, such sickening frauds can make much headway; but it is as well to put the public on the guard against them.

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, September 12th, 1872.

PRIESTHOOD AND WEDLOCK.

THE marriage of Father Hyacinthe, which belonged to prophecy last week, is to-day a part of history. Our readers are no longer left to conjecture the motives which have led the great French Reformer to take this important step; for a frank and eloquent letter from his own pen, which we publish on the first page of this week's INDEPENDENT, will place before them his defense and justification.

It is hardly necessary for us to enter upon any elaborate discussion of this important event. The whole question is stated and argued with so much force and ability in the letter to which we refer that little is left to be said. It is not, as we predicted that it would not be, any whimpering appeal for indulgence; it is the clear and cogent argument of a man who believes, with all his soul, that he is on the side of Christian truth and morality, and who does not shrink from the odium and abuse that wait, as he knows, to be visited upon him. Already we find in some of the Catholic journals a foretaste of this unsavory infliction. The Catholic *Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, organ of Archbishop Purcell, has this expression of brotherly regard:

"The apostate Loyson has rushed into print to defend the violation of his vows by marriage. His argument is not quite as eloquent as Satan's defense of his rebellion in 'Paradise Lost'; but there is a striking similarity in the cause defended and the punishment that followed. . . . Loyson, as was expected, is about to appear in the afterpiece with which usually ends the tragic fall of a priest of God. The concluding play is the key to all that has gone before."

The Catholic *Mirror*, of Baltimore, presents its compliments in the following delicate terms:

"Exit Père Hyacinthe, like other heroes of novels. The . . . ends the play, the curtain . . . marriage ends is reached, and the interest henceforth is to be restricted to the wife. The world will cease to think about the model reformer, who only alleged objection to the Church was the infallibility of its head. The mask has fallen, and the celibacy of the clergy turns out to be the real objection of our uxorious reformer. The comedy is over, and ex-Père Hyacinthe stands forth confessed!"

It must be owned that our Catholic brethren stand not alone in their uncharity and injustice toward those who leave their fellowship, led, as they believe, toward a purer and better faith. It is quite too much the habit of all the sectaries—of those who harp on liberty, as well as of those who prate of authority—to pelt with denunciations all who part company with them, and to ascribe to base motives every divergence of belief. Yet, though our Catholic friends are not singular in this practice, they evidently mean to excel in it, as the foregoing extracts show. Really, there is no excuse for such assaults upon the moral character of a man whose record is stainless. Father Hyacinthe is the same man to-day that he was four years ago, when the Catholics of Paris crowded Notre Dame to catch the accents of his eloquent voice; when the sainted Archbishop Darboy was proud to own him as a most trusted friend; when even Pope Pius IX, with indifferent wit but infallible wisdom, affectionately called him "*Hyacinthe fleur et pierre précieuse.*" Then, as now, Father Hyacinthe was, among Catholics, a Liberal of the Liberals; with all boldness he was proclaiming those cardinal ideas which have distinguished a minority of the Church in France for ages; then, as now, he was following, with no halting steps, in the way made illustrious by Pascal and Montalembert and Lacordaire; then he was denouncing, as he cannot now, from the first pulpit of Catholic Christendom, the abuses of the Catholic Church, and crying out for reform.

The only matter in which his opinions have changed since then, if, indeed, they have changed at all, is this matter of celibacy. But there has been since then a serious change in the Roman Catholic Church. It has introduced into its canon new dogmas, against which Hyacinthe, with many of the best and bravest men in the Church, protested and struggled in vain. But Hyacinthe still unfalteringly confesses the faith which he was wont to preach in Notre Dame; he still maintains that this faith, rightly interpreted, is not a foe but a friend to progress; he still adheres to his conviction that the Catholic Church can be and must be in full harmony with the foremost thought of the age.

When Père Hyacinthe was preaching these doctrines in Paris his character was not impugned. The Ultramontanes may have winced under his bold utterances; but they as little ventured to question the purity and devotion of his life as the genius of his eloquence. But, now that he has renounced and repudiated the vow of celibacy, which he declares that he has religiously kept hitherto, these former associates of his ascribe his conduct to base motives, and openly hint that passion rather than conviction is the inspiration of this reformer.

The suggestion is no less silly than malignant. If Father Hyacinthe had only sought an occasion for the flesh, a thousand Roman Catholic priests could have taught him how to find that without abandoning his pulpit or the habit of his order—without forsaking the illustrious station and the brilliant career to which the favor of his Church had called him. If he were the gross and selfish man that his enemies picture him, he would certainly have tarried within the Church. No intelligent man pretends to believe that the vows of celibacy are invariably kept by the Roman priesthood. To say that all priests are guilty of violating them, to deny that there are multitudes of pure and holy men among the Roman clergy, would be wickedly unjust. But everybody knows that since the days of Chaucer, from the very beginnings of literature, incontinence among European priests has been no rare phenomenon. Even the popes have not escaped this contamination; and when the Vicar of Christ is chaste history puts the fact to his credit.

With such a condition of things about him, how utterly gratuitous is the charge that Father Hyacinthe has had no higher guide in the path that has led him to honorable marriage than his own selfish passions! The accusation will recoil upon the men who make it. The common sense of the world will rightly judge how much regard is to be paid to the scoffs of men to whom the unchastity of a celibate is a more venial fault than honorable marriage; to whom the secret and habitual violation of a vow is less blameworthy than its frank renunciation.

But this renunciation does not, on the part of Father Hyacinthe, indicate any radical change of opinion. In common with a large party in the Latin Church, he has always maintained that the vows of celibacy are only voluntary; that no human power has the right to impose them. The celibacy of the clergy is not a part of that primitive Catholic doctrine which he has been seeking to restore. During the first three centuries it was never made obligatory; and so late as 379, A.D., the Council of Gangra anathematized all who refused to attend the ministration of married priests. Long after this the question of the imposition of this rule hung in the balance, and it was not till the days of Gregory VII that celibacy was made a rule of Catholic discipline. In abandoning this rule for himself, therefore, Father Hyacinthe is entirely consistent. This rule of compulsory celibacy is one of those corruptions which he has been seeking to remove.

But, even granting that his present conduct is inconsistent with his former professions, might not Christian charity have found a better explanation of it than that which is volunteered by these Catholic journals? Here is a man who has not shrunk from the difficult ways of self-denial, who has shown himself by a long service in the Catholic Church ready to suffer for the truth's sake. If, now, he has come to the point where his path diverges from that of his brethren, might they not confess that, though mistaken, he is, at least, sincere; and that it is even possible that he may be one of those brave souls who, following the Light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world, are the leaders of the world's advancing hosts—the heralds of the glory of the latter day?

No! there we forget. The Roman Church of this year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-two does not believe in progress and advancement. The last Syllabus denounced all that, and the last Council confirmed the denunciation. "If any man say that the Roman pontiff ought to reconcile himself with progress, liberalism, and civilization, as lately introduced, let him be anathema." This is the barrier which stopped Hyacinthe Loyson; this is the rock of offense that will grind the Papal Church to powder. A church which disapproves of sunrise and quarrels with high noon may as well be preparing for its final slumber under the safeguards of impartial history.

THE NEW HOLY ALLIANCE.

THE meeting of the three Emperors—of Germany, of Russia, and of Austria—now holding in Berlin is an event which may well attract the attention and arouse the curiosity of Europe. Perhaps there has been no congregation of crowned heads of greater significance since the Great Powers assembled themselves together, more than fifty years ago, in the name of the "Holy and Undivided Trinity," to secure the permanent establishment of such prerogatives of despotism as had survived the earthquake of the French Revolution and the fiery whirlwind of the Napoleonic wars, that came after it. They did their work well, being wise in their generation; and it endured for a good while. But, though they could impose their will upon the kingdoms of the earth into which men were divided, their power ceased at the frontier of the kingdom within men's breasts, from which all external principalities and powers proceed in the last analysis. They could not silence the still small voice which, issuing from the recesses of that kingdom, was heard prophesying the downfall of the great Babylon which they thought they were building to endure forever. And in due time decrees went forth from that kingdom within overturning dynasties, changing the outward face of Europe, annulling treaties, repealing laws, and making a very different world from that which had been ordained in 1815. And the signs of the times are still threatening in their aspect,

> "with fear of change
> Perplexing monarchs."

And France is the occasion of this new Holy Alliance, as she was of the old one. Though the securing of Europe from another war is not the only reason why the emperors have come together, it is certainly a prevailing one. The incapacity under which the French suffer of holding their tongues has made it notorious that they are only waiting for an opportunity to recover their lost provinces, and to wrest the frontier of the Rhine, at least, as a compensation of their defeats, if not to extort an indemnity from Prussia, within the gates of Berlin, answerable to the tribute they have themselves been compelled to pay. The union of Prussia and Austria to the league with Italy, to establish the new map of Europe as projected by Bismarck, and to combine to frustrate any attempt of France to disturb it, would present a front of resistance that even French audacity would hesitate to encounter. Such a combination of the Great Powers will undoubtedly secure the peace of Europe from any infraction in that direction for a long time, and perhaps until the thirst for revenge has been quenched by time and material prosperity. Peace is what Bismarck needs most of all to consolidate his new empire, to give time for whatever of old jealousies and hatreds have survived the common glories of the French War on the part of the mediatized monarchies and duchies which have been devoured by their mightier neighbor, or are all ready for his maw, should they show any symptoms of revolt against the state of humiliation to which they have been reduced.

The fact is that Bismarck is suffering from a plethora of prosperity, and requires time for the treatment and regimen which will give to the German Empire a wholesome average of political health, such as may secure to it strength and longevity. For this he must have peace, which this union of sovereigns will secure to him for a season, at least. For he has invoked a warfare which he may find it more difficult to bring to a triumphant issue than that which was ended a year and a half ago. The campaign on which he has entered must be fought out on very different fields from those of Gravelotte and Sedan, where needle-guns and Krupp's artillery will have no power over the decisions of the day. We think he realizes that it will be a harder struggle to wrestle with the rulers of the darkness of this world and spiritual wickedness in high places than against flesh and blood. He has begun the war with all the energy of his nature which he put forth against the insolent threats of Bonaparte. He has suspended Monsignor Namczanawski, the chaplain-general, and is in open warfare with Monsignor Krementry, the Bishop of Ermeland, whom he threatens with deprivation of his temporalities—if, indeed, he have not already carried his threats into effect—in both cases for obeying the Pope, rather than the Emperor. And, what is more than these things, and all that logically follow from them, he has banished the Jesuits, and all religious orders analogous to the Society of Jesus. No one knows better than he what a dangerous and wily foe he has thus arrayed against him; all the more dangerous because they rule over a domain which the secular arm cannot effectually reach. The conflict is one that will be watched with the deepest interest from all quarters of the world. It may be that he is to furnish the complement of the Reformation of Luther, and reduce Romanism to the condition of a quiet sect, not concerning itself with matters outside of its own pale. But this cannot be done without a deadly resistance on the part of the Infallibilists. If this combination of earthly monarchs should help to overthrow the despotism which rests on supernatural foundations, and which still wields such power over human beings it will better deserve the title of the Holy Alliance than the one which went before it.

MR. GREELEY ON CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

"CIVIL Service Reform" is one of the political phrases upon which the advocates of Mr. Greeley have spent not a little breath, and with the help of which they hope to elect him. He is now a candidate for the Presidency, asking the people to vote for him, on the theory that, if elected, he will thoroughly reform the civil service of the country. It would be very easy for him, if he were disposed to do so, to tell the people in explicit language that, if elected, he would remove no man from office and appoint none for party reasons, but confine his selection to the best men for the public service, irrespective of the question whether they had voted for him or for Gen. Grant. This would present a definite pledge to the people; and then, if Mr. Greeley should be elected, and keep the pledge, he would put an end to the "spoils system," not only during the four years of his own administration, but for a generation following. He has as yet made no such declaration, and we predict that he will not do so.

The fifth resolution of the Cincinnati platform declares "that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claim to public employment," and demands "that the offices of the Government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage." This sounds very well to the ear; yet Mr. Greeley, in his letter of acceptance, explains the resolution as follows:

"There shall be a real, and not merely a simulated reform in the civil service of the Republic, to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of Hits vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptation to use power selfishly, by a rule inexorably forbidding and excluding his re-election."

The "one-term principle" in respect to the Presidential office—which, whether good or bad, is no part of the present issue before the people—is the definite idea here stated. The indefinite idea, which is capable of almost any flexibility of meaning, is that "there shall be a real, and not merely a simulated reform" in the civil service of the Republic. Mr. Greeley very carefully avoids the expression of any opinion as to what in his judgment would be a "real" reform, in distinction from a "simulated" one. He does not touch the question of removals and appointments for political and party reasons, and utterly fails to give the slightest clue to his own course, in the event of his election. He contents himself with a mere platitude, that sounds well enough, but which practically means nothing. It does not commit him against running the "spoils system" at full blast, and was not intended to do so.

Carl Schurz, in a letter addressed to Mr. Greeley, dated June 26th, 1872, reminded him that in his letter of acceptance he had promised "a thorough reform of the civil service in general terms," and suggested that, in respect to the question as to how the problem of such reform presented itself to his mind, it would be well for him to put his intentions in a clear light, especially as it had been charged against him that this reform, in view of his antecedents and political surroundings, would have nothing to hope from his election. Here was a capital opportunity for Mr. Greeley to state in explicit and unambiguous language just what would be his course if he should become President; yet, in his reply to Senator Schurz, dated July 8th, 1872, he entirely evades the point, and devotes his letter chiefly to the discussion of the "one-term principle" as the true remedy, closing it by saying that as to "boards of examiners," etc., he should defer to the judgment of Congress. Neither in his letter of acceptance nor in his answer to Senator Schurz does he definitely state any principle by which he would be guided in reforming the civil service; and yet this reform is being constantly paraded before the people as one of the chief objects to be attained by the "Reform Canvass."

The New York *World* of June 28th, 1872, published an extract from "a private letter," written by Mr. Greeley to a gentleman in Connecticut, and dated June 11th, 1872, in which he defines "his relations with Democrats and what he will do for the Democracy." The extract is as follows:

"I have no possible claim to Democratic support and never made any. The Democrats will, of course, be governed by a consideration of their own interests. It is nowise proper or probable that they would be influenced in making their decision by any consideration personal to myself; and, if they could be, I do not desire it. Hence, I have said nothing to any Democrat, unless he has first addressed me. And even then I have gone no further than to say that, if I should be elected, *I would treat all those who supported me alike*, not asking whether they had been in the past Republicans or Democrats."

Mr. Greeley here evidently refers to appointments to office; and the only idea which he states is that he would be impartial as among his supporters, irrespectively of their political antecedents, whether Republican or Democratic. His supporters are to share the spoils of victory by a fair distribution. Such is Mr. Greeley's civil service reform, retaining the partisan basis of making appointments and running the whole machinery of political favoritism just as it has been run ever since the days of General Jackson. He proposes, according to his own showing, to continue the practice which he has charged against General Grant, and for which he has bitterly condemned him; and yet his advocates and political friends have the effrontery to present him to the country as a reformer of the civil service.

In the carefully written speech read by Mr. Greeley at Portland, Maine, we find the following significant passage:

"In two or three instances I have been asked to say whether I would or would not, if elected, confine my appointments to Republicans. I answer those by pointing to that plank of the Cincinnati platform wherein all who concur in the principles therein set forth are cordially invited to participate in their establishment and vindication. I never yet heard of a man who invited his neighbors to raise a house, and proceeded to kick them out of it as soon as the roof was fairly over his head. For my own part, I recognize every honest man who approves and adheres to the Cincinnati platform as my political brother, and, as such, fully entitled to my confidence and friendly regard."

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It is not true that fluent impulse, whatever its heat and energy, has any sort of divinity. It is Nature's method with creatures of flesh and sense, but it lays no law whatever upon spirit and life. Boys and girls trust it implicitly until they know better; romance divinizes it for sensational effect; but it still remains an action of our lower nature, fair or foul, according as it violates or obeys a law of mind and spirit. If it takes hold as if a god were in it, it often enough turns out with something quite other than a god to pay. Because two persons feel, under the flush of natural impulse, as if they were made for each other, and could flow into one life, as drop unites with drop, it by no means follows that there are real possibilities, much less necessities, of union.

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It is mere foolishness of inexperience or rashness of selfish impulse which assumes that the charming fervors of desire are the visitation of Heaven—a kind of irresistible grace, which, if it do not concur with lawful relations, may, at least, innocently hover about them, greedily expecting some intervention of judgment to remove the obstacle to union, according to imagined affinity. As a class, the people who happen on affinity, and who take it for the finger of God, are peculiarly exposed to sudden failure of affection, the veering about of desire, and the complete overthrow of domestic bliss. If, therefore, a wedded husband or wife is capable of assuming that there is innocent affinity outside of conjugal devotion, it is a confession of weakness, at least, and very deep weakness, even if it be not a sign of spiritual demoralization. Of course, one may be unsuitably mated or miserably mated, and anything more than a form of duty may be impossible to such a one; so that, if free, it would be the most natural and proper thing in the world for her to feel and to yield to a new attraction. But even here the form of most sacred duty, once freely chosen, remains; and this, to a sensible and righteous person, will bar out the temptation of desire, and still more render impossible the deliberate cultivation of the unlawful attraction. The daily sacrifice of duty may be hard to such a person; but the single sacrifice of attraction which cannot be will not be so very hard, except to the silly and weak. To paint, therefore, an ideal woman falling helpless into the snare of temptation, and only stopping short of the consummation of unfaithfulness, is to outrage the higher law of the divine will in our nature. The struggle to stop short of open crime is little to the purpose of showing ideal manly or womanly character; for that character would have kept out unlawful attraction just as effectually as if duty had been a paradise of happy love.

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Mr. Greeley here evidently refers to appointments to office; and the only idea which he states is that he would be impartial as among his supporters, irrespectively of their political antecedents, whether Republican or Democratic. His supporters are to share the spoils of victory by a fair distribution. Such is Mr. Greeley's civil service reform, retaining the partisan basis of making appointments and running the whole machinery of political favoritism just as it has been run ever since the days of General Jackson. He proposes, according to his own showing, to continue the practice which he has charged against General Grant, and for which he has bitterly condemned him; and yet his advocates and political friends have the effrontery to present him to the country as a reformer of the civil service.

In the carefully written speech read by Mr. Greeley at Portland, Maine, we find the following significant passage:

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....The *Examiner and Chronicle* is moved to the following utterance in view of the cordial reception with which Dr. Stowell has been meeting in this country:

"It would be pleasant to know of our having one American Baptist minister of prominent note to go to England, as the Liverpool call has come here, and receive something like the attention which was planned for Dr. Rowell Brown. It would be so refreshing to hear of such an outburst of English Baptist courtesy to an American Baptist minister that we would gladly give the details of it conspicuous insertion in these columns."

....Negotiations are now pending between the officers of the Union church at Yokohama and the Rev. E. B. Waldsworth, D.D., of Oakland, California, relative to the settlement of the latter gentleman as pastor of the church. This Union church is very slowly but steadily growing, and a settled pastor is very much desired and needed. Dr. Waldsworth was for some years past the principal of the Pacific Female College at Oakland, Cal., which was closed one year ago.

....A gentleman has offered to erect a church in London for the excommunicated Fenianist, Mr. Voysey, if a suitable site can be obtained. Among those who are supporting this movement are Sir Sidney Waterlow, Sir John Lubbock, Sir John Bowring, Mr. Darwin, and (the *Pall Mall Gazette* has added several beneficed clergymen of the Established Church.

....The number of Congregational churches in Maine is 242; ministers, 168, of whom 60 are pastors, 32 are without pastoral office, and the remainder are stated supplies. The membership of the churches is 19,462, of whom 806 were received last year, 542 by profession. Amount contributed during the year, $41,587.

....The American Peace Society, by their agent, Rev. H. C. Dunham, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, will send "Dymond on War," a book of 125 pages, *free* to every minister who will send six cents for postage. The same tract is made to public libraries.

....The Oak Park Congregational Society of Chicago will have a five-thousand-dollar church library in its basement, and a fund of $2,000, the interest of which will pay for the services of a young lady librarian—all the gift of Mr. J.W. Scoville. May his tribe increase!

....The Rev. Frederick G. Clark, D.D., has one cast—one mile—from his church in Hopkins Avenue, Brooklyn, to a new church in Hopkins Avenue, taking with him to his new and promising field, without any quarrel, we believe, a portion of his new congregation.

....In England and Wales the Baptists have 2,200 churches of not more than 25 members each; 1,040 of from 25 to 100 members; 460 of from 100 to 250; 140 of from 250 to 500, and 33 of 500 and upward.

CARLYLE.

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Those ancients accepted in good faith the power of Fate, or Temperament, in their doctrine of Destinies, hereby signifying that duplicity, or polarity of forces operative in man's will, by which his personal freedom is abridged, if not overridden. Nor does it appear that they conceived the utterance possible from this dread Nemesis of existence; it was wrought into the substance of their tragedies, spelling matter and mind alike in chains. If the modern thought professes to be freed from this Old Fatalism, it practically admits it, nevertheless; man's will may still bound in fetters by inexorable powers, which its choice can neither expropriate nor overcome. If Goethe puts the matter more forcibly, sharply, the dealing differs but in form from the Greek; man is the spoil of the demons still. Satan is suppressed for the moment, but be victorious in the end. Carlyle only considers it the more inexorable and disobeying by all his wealth of thought, force of illustration, his formidable historical figures, dramatic genius. It is the pitted against force, that he celebrates throughout his embattled pages; a man himself with his heroes, yet, like the

The Independent.

WHAT SHE SAID TO ME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

"I know the world will still go on
When this poor life is gone;

"These earthly suns will not forget
To rise when mine is set;

"And men will sell and men will buy,
Unheeding where I lie;

"And crowds will come and crowds will go,
Nor ask who sleeps below;

"And wherefore not?" she said, and smiled,
Calm as a little child.

"I only ask that of the few
I loved some may be true;

"That they (the dearest) still may keep
In mind my place of sleep;

"That sometimes they will come, flower-crowned,
Unto my silent mound;

"Bright roses and forget-me-nots
Bringing, to glad the spot.

"I think my sleep so sweet would be!"
She said, and turned to me;

And, though she knew it not, I read
More than her lips had said,

In the beseeching look that grew
In her soft eyes of blue;

While all my heart did answer make,
Although no word I spake.

There was no need—I read her sign.
Could she not, then, read mine?

* * * * * * *

And now there is a narrow mound,
All fresh and blossom-crowned.

And daily, as my path I take
Thither, for her dear sake—

Scattering some flower or leaf or spray
Above her sacred clay—

My heart renews its silent vow,
And says: "Oh! still as now

"This mound shall be my daily care,
My pains I will not spare.

"My Mecca is this spot—my shrine,
Dear friend, this grave of thine."

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

BY WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

I choose purposely the name by which a famous American author first became famous, and by which his detractors now delight to disparage his fame. I venture to think that a man who, on the hither side of the first gray hair, has written ten volumes or more, that have reached in the aggregate a circulation of 250,000 copies, is at least a power of some sort, for good or for evil, in the field of contemporary letters. Such a man is Timothy Titcomb. It will not be a waste use of time to discuss briefly the quality and the conditions of so considerable a volume of literary influence.

In the first place, Dr. Holland is an author (I limit myself to the discussion of his prose) of very moderate, mere *literary* pretensions. He has steadily, from the first, disclaimed any ambition to dispute the palm of genius and culture with those authors who make their appeal to the more select and, as it were, aristocratic classes of readers. He might have aspired to this without presumption. At least, I see nothing in what he has done to make it at all improbable that he might, with equal good fortune, have attempted to do something very different. The simple fact is that Dr. Holland has deliberately elected to seek a wide and not a narrow audience. He has spoken to the many, and not to the few. No one can deny that he has found the hearing that he sought. There is, perhaps, not a prose author in this country, now living, there is not an American author among the dead, if we except Washington Irving, who is to-day a familiar guest at so many firesides of the people as is Timothy Titcomb. If to have an aim and to hit it is to succeed, then Dr. Holland has succeeded.

In the second place, Dr. Holland has chosen to be largely a didactic moral writer; and, so far as religious at all, an evangelical writer. This choice, on his part, would be enough of itself to account for a great deal of the disparagement with which it is the present high literary fashion to speak of Dr. Holland. That "aversion of men of taste for evangelical religion," of which John Foster wrote one of the most magnificent of his elaborate essays, has survived alike that author's exhaustive analysis and his fervent and kindling eloquence. The self-same aversion is active still to discredit everything in literature that is not ashamed of the Cross of Christ.

I do not affect to think that Dr. Holland has not at times felt a certain influence from his popular aim, drawing him perhaps a little too far in condescension to the common standard of taste. In being homely, he may now and then not avoid being too homely by so positive a difference as some of us would like. But the *essential* vulgarity of immoral implication, of unchaste suggestion, exciting unchaste desire, of supercilious patronage toward a religion sanctioned to all human reverence with the life and the death of the Lord of Glory—this kind of *essential* vulgarity, if it occurs in Dr. Holland's prose, has never met my eye there. Carl Benson once, in a note to a newspaper, coupled Dr. Holland with Mr. Beecher, to stigmatize them both as "vulgar." That was his word. And Mr. Matthew Arnold, the well-bred apostle of culture, seems to think it not inharmonious with the high scholarlike and gentlemanlike tone of his pleading for a better refinement to call Mr. Beecher, with emphasis, "a heated barbarian." To such painfully acute sensibilities as these, for the detection of vulgarity, Dr. Holland may very likely be "vulgar." But then he is thereby, at least, safe from the danger of being "vulgar" in the most refined sense and in the supreme degree of vulgarity. For, if it is possible for anything to be more essentially and more transcendently vulgar than *intellectual superciliousness* is, I hope we shall none of us ever find it out by observation or by experience.

In the third place, Dr. Holland has given to all his prose (excepting "Baypath," "Miss Gilbert's Career," and the "Life of Abraham Lincoln") the form of comparatively brief pieces—having often, it is true, a certain continuous connection, but capable, nevertheless, of detachment from each other without sensible loss to their several effect. This way of writing is, no doubt, a great secret of popular acceptance. But then the popular acceptance is not conciliated by simply so transparent and easy a device. The truth is that Dr. Holland succeeds with the people, as Shakespeare does, as Franklin does, by having a round of experience and of appreciation large enough to match and to reflect many men's thoughts and feelings. This is not comparing him with the great dramatist or with the great philosopher. That would be foolish and injurious. No one would be quicker to see and to expose the foolishness of it than Dr. Holland himself; for his genius is exactly common sense—that is to say, a sense of things which is the same with that of most intelligent men. But Dr. Holland possesses this sense, common to all, in a larger measure than most. He thus comes home to a great number of men, not as being superior to them, but as being equal with them, and, in fact, one of them. It is only when you count up the aggregate of those whom he thus meets and by whom he is thus recognized that you have to acknowledge a greatness in him which is not the less greatness because it does not impose itself on you with the airs of evident superiority.

Dr. Holland has contentedly done just his one work, and he is doing it still. No editorial pen addresses a larger number of more assenting minds than does Dr. Holland's, through the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*. To say that I agree with everything that it writes would be more than I could admit. Not to say that it has occasionally seemed to mingle a personal feeling unwisely with its general advocacy of a good cause would not be full candor. But to insist that more independent, more timely, more thoughtful, more telling, more trenchant editorial writing is hardly anywhere else done in American journalism than is done in Dr. Holland's "Topics of the Time," in *Scribner's Monthly*—to this measure of praise and concurrence I commit myself without hesitation. It is matter of great congratulation to the public that a literary influence so positive and so powerful is dedicated so sincerely—as it would be most gratuitous want of charity to believe that it is not—to the championship of good causes. That Dr. Holland's success and acceptance have made that championship profitable will never, it is to be hoped, render it any the less disinterested and chivalrous.

Literary Department.

HODGE'S SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.*

The venerable professor of didactic and polemic theology at Princeton is finishing his life-work by publishing the system which he has elaborated in half a century of teaching and more than half a century of earnest study. We congratulate the churches of the Presbyterian body and all the churches that his bow abides in strength, and that the completion of this great contribution to American theology may be expected before its author shall rest from his labors.

Such a work as this deserves much more than an off-hand notice. Yet how is it possible to criticise a work so learned, so abstruse, so controversial, and so orthodox within the limits of a newspaper article? These two volumes, of six hundred and fifty pages each, are only the first installments. The "system" is not yet before us.

Perhaps we have already said enough to express our regard for the author and our admiration of his performance. We cannot, in this notice, venture upon any discussion of topics on which the opinions maintained in this volume differ from the views of other orthodox theologians—orthodox in the Evangelical sense. It is for the professors of dogmatics and of the history of doctrine in other schools of theology to criticise and controvert the Princeton theology, now so authentically set forth; and we trust that they will not shrink from their duty. We foresee that in many a theological lecture-room the students—such of them as are students, indeed—will find themselves under the necessity of studying this book because of the frequent reference to it from the professor's chair, both for commendation and for refutation; and that many a professor will find his lectures, next term, enlarged and enriched with valuable suggestions from Dr. Hodge, or, peradventure, enlivened with fresh criticisms of the teaching at Princeton. Criticism of this book will not be shut up within the walls of lecture-rooms. It will come forth, after due incubation, in the theological quarterlies; perhaps in controversial pamphlets or volumes. In former ages, nay, so lately as a few years ago, the discussions which we foresee, and which we even anticipate with hope, for the aid they will give to the progress of theology, would have evolved at least as much of heat as of light. But is it too much to hope that now, the millennium being so much nearer, some theological questions may be debated among Christian scholars and teachers without the unbrotherly feeling which has been painfully characteristic of such debates in other days?

In our reading of these volumes we have observed with pleasure that the author seems not to share in the spirit of those who are alarmed at any intimation of possible (and still more of actual) progress in theology. He does not even seem to hold the position (which another learned professor is said to maintain) that theology was a progressive science till the time of the Westminster Assembly; but was then perfected, and is, therefore, incapable of any more progress. Dr. Hodge says expressly: "That there has been, in one sense, an uninterrupted development of theology in the Church from the apostolic age to the present time." While he holds that "all the facts, truths, doctrines, and principles which enter into theology are in the Bible—as fully and clearly at one time as at another," just as the facts, truths, doctrines, and principles in Nature which enter into the physical sciences "are now just what they have been from the beginning"—he holds, also, that "the same progress has taken place in theological knowledge" which has taken place in astronomy and the other sciences of Nature. "Every believer," he says, "is conscious of such progress in his own experience"—"as he grew in years he grew in knowledge of the Bible"—"not only in the compass, but in the clearness, order, and harmony of his knowledge. This is just as true of the Church collectively as of the individual Christian." "As in matters of science, although one fallen theory after another, founded on wrong principles or on an imperfect induction of facts, has passed away, yet real progress is made; so we should naturally expect it to be with the study of the Bible. False views, false influences, misapprehensions, ignoring of some facts, and misinterpretations might be expected to come and go in endless succession; but, nevertheless, a steady progress in what the Bible teaches be accomplished." Then, after some specifications, he affirms the "historical fact that the Church has advanced" in the knowledge of divine things. "It understands the great doctrines of theology, anthropology, and soteriology far better now than they were understood in the early post-apostolic age." (Vol. I, pp. 116–118.) Will anybody charge him with the inconsistency of not expecting that the same doctrines will be far better understood hereafter than they are now understood, even at Princeton?

We have also observed, with satisfaction, that Dr. Hodge acknowledges the proper function of reason in the study of revealed theology, and that he does not fail to affirm the authority of the revelation which God gives us in the primary intuitions of our moral nature. "Reason," he tells us, "is necessarily presupposed in every revelation." "If it be affirmed that the soul is immortal, or [that] God is a spirit, unless we know the meaning of the words, nothing is communicated to the mind." "In believing we affirm the truth of the proposition believed. But we can affirm nothing of that of which we know nothing. The first and indispensable office of reason, therefore, in matters of faith, is the cognition or intelligent apprehension of the truths proposed for our reception." "In the second place, it is the prerogative of reason to judge of the credibility of a revelation." "Nothing is incredible but the impossible." We can believe, on adequate grounds, what we cannot explain; but "the impossible is incredible." At the same time, "reason, in pronouncing a thing impossible, must act rationally"; "its judgments must be guided by principles which commend themselves to the common consciousness of men." "Men may abuse this prerogative of reason," "but the prerogative itself is not to be denied. We have a right to reject as untrue whatever it is impossible that God should require us to believe. He can no more require us to believe what is absurd than to do what is wrong." "In the third place, reason must judge of the evidence by which a revelation is supported." (Pp. 49–52.) And, if the revelation comes to us in a written record, must not reason employ itself in the interpretation of the record? Dr. Hodge implies this everywhere—especially when he speaks of a supposed conflict between the ascertained facts of Nature and the revelation given in the Bible. "It is unwise in theologians to array themselves needlessly against the teachings of science. Romanists and Protestants vainly resisted the adoption of the Copernican theory of our solar system. They interpreted the Bible in a sense contradictory to that theory. So far as in them lay, they staked the authority of the Bible on the correctness of their interpretation. The theory proved to be true, and the received interpretation had to be given up. The Bible, however, has received no injury, although theologians have been taught an important lesson; that is, to let science take its course, assured that the Scriptures will accommodate themselves to all well-authenticated scientific facts in time to come, as they have in time past." "The theologian acknowledges that the Scriptures must be interpreted in accordance with established facts." (P. 57.) Surely, then, reason has much to do as the interpreter of the recorded revelation.

Reason, however, or the reasoning faculty, is not the only faculty to be employed in ascertaining and defining what the revelation is which God has recorded. Dr. Hodge tells us: "It is not to be denied that great authority is due to our moral nature in matters of religion." "It is conceded that nothing contrary to reason can be true. But it is no less important to remember that nothing contrary to our moral nature can be true." (P. 7.) So, in another place, our author speaks of certain "first truths which God has implanted in the constitution of all moral beings, and which no objective revelation can possibly contradict." (P. 10.) What shall we say, then, if we find that what was once accepted as a valid interpretation has evolved from the Bible and has even incorporated into traditionary systems of theology some dogma which is "contrary to our moral nature," and which (in the present meaning of its terms) actually contradicts those "first truths" which no objective revelation can possibly contradict? Must we not take refuge in the broad and hopeful principle propounded on another page? "Theologians are not infallible in the interpretation of Scripture. It may, therefore, happen in the future, as it has in the past, that interpretations of the Bible, long confidently received, must be modified or abandoned." "This change of view as to the true meaning of the Bible may be a painful trial to the Church; but it does not in the least impair the authority of the Scriptures. They remain infallible. We are merely convicted of having mistaken their meaning." (P. 59.)

We will not take it upon ourselves to say what topics treated in this volume will be or ought to be discussed very carefully by orthodox theologians of various Protestant denominations. Let us hope that, whatever those topics may be, the discussion will be conducted not in the spirit of excision or of mutual distrust, but in the spirit of love; rising above the petty interests of sects and parties; humbly remembering that "theologians," Old School and New School alike, "are not infallible in the interpretation of Scripture"; ready to learn as well as to teach and convince; and earnestly striving to make the theology of the coming age more intelligent, more sound, more disentangled from the traditions and commandments of men, and more accordant with the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ.

* Systematic Theology. By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. Vols. I and II. New York: Scribner & Armstrong, 1872.

A NEW HYMN BOOK.*

The venerable Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, of this city, long the stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and a hymnologist of good taste and great learning, has compiled and published a new hymn book, with tunes, which he calls "The Church Hymn Book." In several respects it is superior to any similar publication with which we are familiar. It is printed on fine tinted paper, in clear type; it is handsomely bound; and the indexes are admirable. Its classification of hymns does not, as in "The Sabbath Hymn Book," constitute a good and sufficient body of theology; but its tables of first lines, of tunes, of authors, of subjects, and of texts are exceedingly well made. "Anon," who is so voluminous a contributor to most hymn books, does not contrive to get mentioned in the index of first lines. When the author of a hymn could not be discovered, Dr. Hatfield has credited it to the book in which it first appeared, so that the history of every hymn can be traced. The alphabetical index of tunes is equally satisfactory in giving the author of nearly every tune, and in most cases the date of composition. In these particulars the book is worthy of high praise.

The classification of subjects in the table of contents is also a striking feature. Dr. Hatfield, the compiler, is himself a hymn writer of no small merit; and several of his own hymns are printed in the book. The evidence that rhyme and rhythm are natural to him as his breath is furnished by this table of contents, which only needs to be thrown into stanzas in order to be recognized as a most poetical and highly edifying production. It is word for word as follows:

1. "Hymns of invocation,
   Hymns of adoration,
   Hymns of revelation,
   Hymns of salvation.
2. Hymns of reconciliation,
   Hymns of commemoration,
   Hymns of aspiration,
   Hymns of tribulation.
3. Hymns of self-examination,
   Hymns of church relation,
   Hymns for special occasion,
   Hymns on the close of probation.
4. Hymns of glorification," etc.,

closing, of course, with the doxologies. This table of contents can be sung, as will be seen, to the tune of "Nicea, P. M. Irregular," on the first page opposite. We have sung it through to this tune, and find that it goes very well indeed. The coincidence, if coincidence it be, which has placed this tuneful classification alongside the only musical selection in the book to which it can be sung is quite notable.

The book contains 1,464 hymns, besides doxologies and selections for chanting. A considerable portion of the book must, therefore, be padding. We doubt whether there are fourteen hundred good hymns in the language; and we can think of several good hymns which we do not find in this book. Dr. Hatfield has not been a greater sinner in this respect than most of his predecessors. Nearly all the hymn books contain more or less stuff that is never used in worship, and could not be without a depressing effect upon the worshiper. Here, for instance, is hymn 15, which begins as follows:

"Again from calm and sweet repose
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
To view the smiling morn."

Twaddle like this, decorated with cockney rhymes, is not conducive to devotion in the minds of intelligent persons. The whole hymn is an extension of this flatness. Hymn 126 starts off in the following manner:

"Thy presence, gracious God, afford:
Prepare us to receive thy Word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear."

This is all very well, of course. Nobody objects to the doctrine. It is the utter aridity of it with which we find fault. No minister is fit to preach who would select such a hymn for the opening of service. Hymn 366 opens thus inspiringly:

"Hail! sacred truth, whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light."

Imagine intelligent men and women standing up in church and singing these dubious commonplaces. Hymn 513 runs well for a season, but slips at the end into the profoundest bathos:

"Crown Him the Lord of Years,
The Prince,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime."

Of course, there is a large amount of infirm poetry which has become sacred through long use; and it were not only a thankless but almost a sacrilegious attempt to point out the fault of hymns of this sort. But there is also in our hymn books a multitude of hymns that are equally stupid and unfamiliar. Nobody sings them; they only serve to cumber the pages and increase the cost of the hymn books. We wonder that they are not suffered to pass into forgetfulness.

Even Dr. Watts—who, considering the time and the amount of his writing, made surprisingly few feeble hymns—is not always inspired; and several of the least poetical of his productions, which have been quietly dropped out of most recent hymn books, are here restored. Take this verse from hymn 205:

"Immortal glory forms His throne
And lights his awful robe,
Whilst with a smile or with a frown
He manages the globe."

And this from hymn 216:

"How most exact is Nature's frame,
How wise the eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed."

This is flat, stale, and unprofitable, if Dr. Watts did write it; and no intelligent congregation ought to be asked to sing anything of the sort. Among those hymns of Dr. Watts which are under the same condemnation we have marked the following numbers: 223, 356, 371, 624, 1449, 1439, 1349.

Let no one imagine, however, that this collection is fairly represented by such specimens as we have given. It is a most rich and varied compilation, containing in all its departments an abundance of poetical and singable hymns. The savor of the ointment is not spoiled by the flies which we have pointed out. Aside from these defects, the volume is one of very high merit. We find most of our favorite hymns here; but miss a few, whose omission we can hardly explain. Where is Dr. Holmes's hymn beginning "O, Love divine that stooped to share"? There are few better sacred lyrics in the language, and the fact that the writer is a Unitarian should not and doubtless has not led to the omission of his hymn. That tender and beautiful hymn of Miss Waring's, "Father, I know that all my life," is not here. "I love thee, O, my God," by Francis Xavier; "I worship thee, sweet will of God," and "God's glory is a wondrous thing," from the "Lyra Catholica"; "Lead, kindly light," by John Henry Newman; "Rest for the toiling hand" and "Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat," two of Bonar's best; that ancient resurrection hymn, beginning "The morning kindles all the sky"; the battle hymn of Gustavus Adolphus, "Fear not, O, little flock"; these two translations from the German—"Jesus, still lead on," and "No, no, it is not dying"; and these others, which, if they are not familiar, ought to be—"Purer yet and purer," "Make haste, O, man, to live"; "O, eyes that are weary and hearts that are sore"; "Brother, hast thou wandered far"; "O, see how Jesus trusts himself"; "Thy home is with the humble, Lord"; "At evening time let there be light"—all these are omitted, and they are capital omissions. It is possible that some of them may appear under modified forms; but we have searched diligently for them, without success.

The music of the volume has been prepared by Mr. Samuel P. Warren, long the organist of Grace church and one of the most accomplished musicians of the city. This is in itself a pledge that the work is well done. Mr. Warren has wisely chosen old tunes, for the most part; and has made no violent changes in their arrangement. His selection has been judicious, and his adaptations, so far as we can judge, are excellent. There are a few good new tunes, some of the best of them from Mr. Warren's own hand. The tunes are written in breves and semibreves, instead of crotchets and quavers, which makes the music look slow; but it need not be sung any less rapidly on that account. On the whole, we know of no hymn and tune book which in its musical arrangement is superior to this one.

* The Church Hymn Book, with Tunes. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

—*Figuier's Insect World* since its translation into English has passed through several editions, and, having gained a place in many of our libraries, asserts its claim as a successful work. Its author is quoted by some writers as an authority in science, though perhaps (we have been unable to find any) there is not an original observation in it, and the most valuable and entertaining portions have been the common property of naturalists since Réaumur, the philosopher and inventor of thermometer, published, over a century ago, his six immortal tomes on the habits and structure of insects. This *Insect World*, expensively gotten up, is an undoubted success. What is the secret of its success? With little in it that is new, with not a few inaccuracies that forbid its being an authoritative book of reference for young entomologists, and with a considerable number of details purely taxonomic in value, it has pushed its way into notice chiefly by the merits of its style, which is that of an animated storyteller, who knows just enough of his subject by hearsay (one always tells a story better for hearing it repeated, their imagination being less retained than by actual inspection of incidents and specimens) to retail it with more or less of embellishment to the listeners about him. Moreover, our author has seized upon certain traits and forms of insect life which themselves give a charm and interest, though many as wonderful have been omitted, perhaps because published at a later date than Degeer and Réaumur. Most of the facts are taken from French sources, and, as not unusual in France, the discoveries of English and German observers are apt to be ignored. Nor has the English editor felt inclined to fill up these gaps.

Another charm of the book is the pretty pictures from the ready pencil of Réaumur, Blanchard, and others, which, though sometimes, as recopied into this book, inaccurate as scientific drawings, are yet sketchy and attractive. As it is, we do not hesitate to pronounce the book as excellent in its general plan and execution, and calculated to win from worse books and worse employment many a boy, and perhaps solace older persons who awake late in life to find that the book of Nature had been closed to them. It will attract many a boy (and why not many a girl?) to observe the habits of insects. Such an one may soon outgrow this book, and gain possibly amusement in filling up the omissions and delinquencies; and, best discovery of all, find out that books do not teach everything, but that everybody who can use his eyes may become a discoverer. While the book is pleasant reading, it evinces in the introduction little of the scientific spirit. It is deficient in accuracy and comprehensiveness. The head of insects is said to consist of "one piece," when, in fact, it is made up of distinct pieces, as much as our own skulls. It is composed of at least four rings (seen in the embryo), and any one can detect, on the most casual examination, nearly a dozen pieces in the head of the adult insect, separated by well-defined sutures. The palpi are called "nervous filaments," when in reality they are jointed appendages, like the legs or antennæ, for instance, and provided, like them, with muscles, venous canals, air-tubes, with a nervous filament passing through them. The classification of the larger groups is obsolete. The "Apters" is a sort of rubbish closet, which has been, however, well cleaned up since Linnæus's time, even if the author is unaware of the fact. Fleas and lice are associated only too intimately in the popular mind; but no insects are more unlike in nature. The disease called phthisiasis is a nonentity, and the stories of rich noblemen and others having perished of it must be accepted with a grain of salt. The exaggeration of the mere story-teller is shown at page 69, where he depicts the surprise of "the naturalist who, after carefully preserving a chrysalis, and awaiting day by day the appearance of the beautiful butterfly, of which it is the coarse and mysterious envelope, sees a cloud of flies emerge in place of it!" Now the fact is that but one *Tachina fly*, as a rule, lives in a chrysalis. A pleasant account, adorned with poetical quotations, is given of the Cicada; but it is said that "it lives at the utmost for a few weeks only," while the fact is ignored that it lives for perhaps ten or eleven months as a larva and pupa. He does not mention the American seventeen-year Cicada, which lives over sixteen years in its preparatory stages, its imago condition spanning the seventeenth. In his account of the bot-flies, excellent in its way, the facts are mostly taken from Joly's account, published in 1846; while Brauer's recent work, published at Vienna and stored with new biological data, is overlooked.

The English editor has done apparently little to improve the book, which would be much more useful and just as popular with judicious additions and corrections. (D. Appleton & Co.)

—Taine's *Notes on England* comes to us in the translation of Mr. W. F. Rae, prefaced by an interesting and well-engraved likeness of the acute Frenchman, and an introductory chapter containing a sketch of his life, an outline of his critical method, and comments upon his opinions and writings. Mr. Taine's qualities as observer and reasoner appear to their best advantage in this volume, which records the impressions of two visits to England. At the Derby Races he is struck by the sight of the English poor dressed in the cast-off clothes of their betters. "To wear these old clothes," says he, "is degrading. In doing so, the human being shows or avows that he is the offscouring of society. Among us (the French) a peasant, a workman, a laborer is a different man—not an inferior person. His blouse belongs to him, as my coat belongs to me. It has suited no one but him." But he avoids striking a balance of preference between French and English. His judgment is too cautious and subtle for that. Among his types of Englishmen he finds one, the "phlegmatic," among which "there is no excess of cavalierism, of glitter, and gallantry, after the style of the French gentleman. One is conscious of a mind wholly self-contained and which cannot lose its balance. They elevate this quality of their temperament into a virtue. According to them, the chief merit of a man is always to have a clear and cool head. . . . This is one of their national traits—the gift by which they succeed." Mr. Taine's good temper, his critical balance, is perfect. Witness this anecdote which he quotes, and his cool comment upon it: "Lord A——, having engaged a French tutor, advised him not to speak anything but French to his children. 'I am charmed, my lord, to find that you lay such stress upon that tongue.' 'Sir, we despise it; but we wish that in France our children should know how to speak as well as the natives.' One can picture the smiling, effusive air of the Frenchman in quest of a compliment, and the immovable features, the haughty tone of the Englishman, who returns him a slap in the face." The chapters on English school and university life are full of interest. According to a learned foreigner, who has much frequented Oxford, says Mr. Taine: "If refined philology and the lofty philosophical speculations are acclimatized here with difficulty, it is because the undergraduates eat too much and make too much use of their muscles." In reading the *Notes on England*, as in reading others of this author's admirable works, we find the peculiar charm of his writing in full force. It is not that Mr. Taine is an acute observer, a vivid narrator only; it is that his facts and his recital of them are controlled by a philosophic method which is among the best of modern contributions to criticism. We may not always agree with his conclusions; but we never find Mr. Taine otherwise than observant, thoughtful, and entertaining—a rare combination. (Holt & Williams.)

—*The Pilgrim's Harp* is a small collection of hymns and tunes for social and family worship, by Asa Hull. Many of these pieces are of a light and exceedingly sentimental character; but the volume will undoubtedly be popular and serviceable in the prayer meetings. There is a little danger that music of the "rig-a-jig-jig" variety may take possession of our prayer meetings, to the exclusion of the better tunes. The demand for "spirited" singing is getting the better of good judgment in certain quarters; but this book, in addition to its lively melodies, contains in the second part a good assortment of standard hymns and old psalm tunes, so that all tastes may be satisfied. (Ditson.)

—Mr. Charles Stearns's *The Black Man of the South and the Rebels* is a description of his own life in Georgia and in other parts of the South for several years since the war, as a teacher, missionary, and planter. Mr. Stearns has not made a very encouraging record of experience. The motto upon his title-page intimates as much, being taken from the missionary hymn:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

But his book is a readable, interesting contribution to the literature of life in the "unreconstructed" regions of the South. (American News Co.)

—Since Robert Schumann's eloquent musical criticism appeared there have been few composers of genius who have written well of music. Richard Wagner's essay upon *Beethoven*, in spite of an occasional mysticism and vagueness of expression, is a thoughtful and eloquent criticism, revealing the nature of the writer, quite as well as of its subject. Between Beethoven and Wagner there are points of striking resemblance and of striking dissimilarity, and the student of German music will find this little book interesting and suggestive reading. The translation from the German is made by Mr. A. R. Parsons.

—Mr. N. Carozzi's *Musical Church Services* are good compositions for the use of quartette choirs. The "Te Deum" in C and D and the "Jubilate" and the "Magnificat" in C will be found especially serviceable. (Washington: Published by the author.)

—*Not Pretty, but Precious, and other Short Stories*, are reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine* and form a readable book. We like the first story, by Margret Field, the best. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

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Guide to the Study of Insects. By A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. 15 plates and 676 woodcuts. 8vo, pp. 715. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. .....
Notes on England. By H. Taine. Translated, with an introductory chapter, by W. F. Rae, author of "Westward by Rail." 12mo, pp. 277. .....
Hermann Arha. By W. G. Palgrave. 18mo, pp. 281. The same. .....
The Lives of the Novelists. By Sir Walter Scott. With notes. 12mo, pp. 458. New York: A. Denham & Co. .....
The Record of Rev. Daniel A. Clark. Edited by his son, Rev. F. G. Clark, D.D. 8vo, pp. 915. Tyson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. .....
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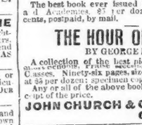

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As if life's star were lost,
Or curse my path had crossed,
I walked abroad.

In majesty there rolled,
Just burst from cloudy fold,
Even yet embossed with gold,
The harvest moon.

Then, tempest-tossed and awayed,
Not far or long I strayed
Ere I my steps delayed
To view the Night.

The Night—all brightly starred,
With lance-like cloudlets barred,
Nor storm nor tempest-jarred—
It spoke to me:

"Oh! soul, why thus dismayed?
Why thus 'gainst self arrayed?
Of what art thou afraid?
Hast thou no trust?"

"Oh! Night," I made reply,
That, too, hath been my cry;
It doth my power defy.
Dost know thyself?"

"Oh! soul," the silence said,
"Thou art a creature made;
Thy being must be stayed
On Him above,

"By whom my hosts are led,
By whom all life is fed,
By Him it hath been said,
In Me is rest.

"His help hast thou not spurned,
For whom thou shouldst have yearned,
And, heedless, hast not learned
In Him to trust?"

With sadness still oppressed,
Yet not all unblest,
I pointing me to rest,
I thanked the Night.

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How often, in repeating this magnificent ... do we forget that there are many for ... om light never has been and so ... g as they remain on earth never can ... Was it thus intended? Many will ... state to answer this question; yet we ... told by those who have probed science ... the core that blindness is a misfortune ... ich might, even now, be obviated in a ... t measure. The unnatural cotton-box ... ner of life which the present phase of ... ilization entails, as well as the half-... nscious strain of the optic nerve through ... uted generations over badly printed ... ls and newspapers, must, it is true, ... er our sight less piercing and less ... stent than that of the savage. The ... einess and annoyances attendant upon ... using the eyes" will come with years, ... ging, perhaps, a certain philosophy ... th them; but the absolute privation, ... dark curtain—it seems hard that ... ators should have the power to draw ... over the eyes of the unconscious ... te, veiling the sight of those who ... uld protest as eloquently as Prince ... ur of old, if they knew what was to ...

One who has long been deeply inter... in the well-being and lifting-up of ... se thus smitten and bereft made a ... tice, in earlier life, of shrouding his ... s eyes with a bandage, in order more ... to realize the woes of others. Yet ... this screen, being voluntarily as... ed, could not give a perfect idea of the ... th of deprivation that comes with ... lessness.

What has the civilized world done to ... en this deprivation, to lighten this load ... life that should have been a blessing? ... th the exception of what was accom... ished by great though unenlightened men ... St. Louis, nothing until the latter ... f the last century. The helmless ... beneficent enthusiasm of the Abbé ... e, the patronage of the gentle and ... ortunate Louis XVI, the enterprise of ... brilliant Mademoiselle Paradis stand ... indeed, like stars amid the chaos of ... raventivicus. But vast fields yet re... ained to be traversed. The pinculsion ... the young Viennese was to grow into a ... ishing press; the erratic exertions of ... French philanthropist were to find ... eal descendants in the efforts of more ... ematic men; the patronage of the ... rbon monarch was but a foreshadow... of the general interest now manifested ... the blind, in state appropriations, ... state legacies, and so forth. To-day ... at do we see? Twenty-seven institu... s of learning in this country alone, ... rth forty years ago had but the nuclei ... hire; busy fingers everywhere com... ing to busy brains the secret that ... wledge is power; mechanical pursuits ... ered and made profitable; pianos ... s and even business agents threading ... regions where thirty years since ... ness meant beggary; organists and ... ers emulating the fame of their pre... sors in other lands—in short, a gen... upward striving on the part of the ... d. And still a vast field remains to ... traversed.

The soil of prejudice is often the tough... to plow. *It must be so because it has always been so* is a fallacy which none have ... t to combat so eagerly and vigorously ... the blind. This very ancient notion, ... s explosion is greatly to be de... ed, originated, in their case, partly in ... condition to which neglect had re... ed them, and partly also in a certain ... ual languor observable in some of ... r number. Where this is not the ... —where there is no marked predispo... n to illness or inertia—blind people of ... average ability ought to succeed. ... battle of life is frequently for them a ... r one; yet many a helping hand is ... retched out, and the back seems often ... ded to endure the burden.

The capacities of the blind are a field ... ch will bear unlimited exploration. ... r patience, enterprise, and talents, as ... bodied in the realms of study, are often ... y great. Their appreciation of the ad... tages of culture is in many cases keen ... strong in proportion to the difficult... nder which, for them, it must be ... ed. It is only necessary to mention ... names of François Huber, the cele... ed Swiss naturalist; Nicholas Saun... son, LL.D., F.R.S., the eminent mathe... ician and natural philosopher, who ... ured on optics in the University of ... bridge; and Thomas Blacklock, D.D., ... widely known Scottish scholar and ... t, to prove that this has been the case ... the past. It is less our object, how... r, to point to the achievements of illus... ous individuals among the blind than ... ow that the educational advantages ... h such men, by the weight of their ... originality, have gained for themselves ... ld be *offered* to those who have not ... dent innovatory force to seek them, ... ded and unadvised. If there were no ... ric schools, and no allurement in the ... ds of circulating libraries, how many ... ary children would learn to read? ... omparatively few. Shall we, then, ex... more of the blind than of the seeing? ... d plead for those who cannot plead for ... selves; and under this head come all ... young, whatever their advantages or ... disadvantages.

In mechanical pursuits the intense de... lopment of the sense of touch forms an ... quate substitute for the eye, as regards ... , mattress, and broom-making, sew... , knitting, and the like. To these pur... ns for a livelihood. A new feature of ... usefulness has been recently developed for them in the use of the sewing-machine, which blind girls manage with facility and success in the institutions at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. From the higher regions which may be compassed by the touch they have not been debarred. We find record of four eminent blind sculptors within the last two hundred and fifty years.

The annals of law and divinity, as well as those of science and literature, are enriched with the names and achievements of many who looked for no aid from the light of day; and we are happy to state that these walks are not wholly neglected by the blind of the present time.

An intelligent professor has recently suggested the teaching of elocution as within their sphere; and, turning back the leaves of history, we find that Scapinelli, the young blind tutor of the Prince of Modena, was installed as one of the professors of eloquence at the University of Bologna, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The preceptor of Cicero was deprived of sight; and this great scholar has left his testimony that Diodorus "applied himself with such assiduity to study after he had lost the use of his eyes, and taught geometry with so much clearness, that his pupils had not the slightest difficulty in understanding how to trace the various figures, however complicated they might be."

In Europe, as in this country, there is still much to be done ere the blind can truly say that a full chance has been given them. The shadow of pauperism still too frequently pervades the educational establishments of the Old World. Miss Gilbert, with her workshops, has done in England a great amount of good, and in founding the association for promoting the general welfare of the blind she has laid a cornerstone of their prosperity; but in the less enlightened countries the work has yet to be initiated. An intelligent Sicilian, himself blind, said, a few years ago: "In the country from which I come a blind man is considered a dog." In what country should we not all be dogs if it were presupposed as a Gospel fact that we must be such? It is not the child, but the presupposition, that is father to the man.

Music will long continue to be the blind man's especial field, as it is often his greatest comfort; yet it should not be supposed that a blind man has necessarily talent for music, although he has almost necessarily enjoyment of it. All cannot be bards and harpers, or even pianists; and, when this fact becomes more distinctly known and more generally appreciated, greater pains will be taken to open to the blind other walks of life, for which they are equally suited. A still greater mistake is made, however, by those who suppose that the blind *cannot teach music*. We have heard even the *fingering* of a pupil corrected by the ear of a blind instructress; and, as this is the one point where they might be supposed to fail, the rest follows as a matter of course. Music itself has yet great strides to make before it is enthroned in its lawful place in America, as it is in Germany; and we hope that those among the blind who devote themselves faithfully to its study may rise with it. How was music considered a few years since in these United States? As the amusement of an evening, for which conversation need scarce be dropped; as the last tinkling resource of a few foreigners and ladies, who had been brought up to no regular profession. Yet it is in reality one of the noblest exemplifications of the union of science with art, and, as such, is speedily gaining recognition. Happy, then, are the blind in following this great rising power, which has befriended them in its infancy.

A word remains to be said concerning the best method of household arrangement in institutions for the education of the blind. In our own country we are still, in a measure, the victims of tradition. The blind must all be housed in one vast receptacle, whose every inmate shall be labeled "blind," rather than placed in the smaller and more cheerful communities resulting from a division of labor. By this system of decentralization every institution would be subdivided into groups of pleasant cottages, where children of various ages (as in an ordinary family) should dwell together, all attending school in a neighboring building; or, better still, the more advanced pupils mingling with the young people of the community at large by receiving instruction in the public schools. For the successful operation of this plan of non-agglomeration as regards any class of persons laboring under such drawbacks, mental or physical, as would tend to their segregation from the world at large, we would point to the village of Gheel, for the insane, in Belgium; to the Reform School for Girls, at Lancaster, Mass.; and to the girls' department of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston. Participation in general instruction, as at high schools, etc., has already been proved a matter of success in individual cases. It will probably become more general in course of time.

It would be impossible to give within the compass of an article of this kind an exhaustive view of the capacities of the blind, as inviting development and education; or of the various modes of stimulating such development and promoting such education. The sovereign recipe, however, will be found to be this: Never forget that the blind pupil or the apprentice has been wounded by the arrows of misfortune; but never remind him of it! Words of pity either gall or retard him; words of encouragement soothe and inspire. If of lowly origin, he may rise to a height of intellectual refinement and culture which he could never have hoped for under ordinary circumstances. You will find his mind easily attuned to resignation, and even to philosophy; and his life may be a beacon of resolution and cheerfulness to those laboring under a despondency which is the greatest of all earthly misfortunes. In short, as was beautifully said of late, "treat the blind like seeing persons temporarily shut up in a dark room." You can light for them the candles of culture, of a noble ambition, of the wish to benefit and elevate their fellow-sufferers. The windows of Heaven will be opened by and by.

We have only to say, in conclusion, that he who helps one blind man helps them all (the word "class" we would avoid as odious and narrowing); nay, helps himself, perhaps. This life-long taste of darkness, which men have removed in others, how terrible does it become when the warning is written on any one's own gate! Yet the hand that brings it must fall more gently on him who PASSED NOT BY ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Farm and Garden.

COLORADO—THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

SCENERY, CLIMATE, PLEASURE-TRAVEL, AND INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

BEAUTIFUL COLORADO! Add a thousand per cent. to all you have heard of this territory, and still I doubt your ability to concentrate into your imagination a just idea of its beauty, varied scenery, peculiar climate, or industrial advantages. The conveniences of travel within the limits of the territory have increased so rapidly within two years, and become so easy and devoid of fatigue, that I see no reason to hinder ladies or any portion of our watering-place frequenters from visiting Colorado, and gaining refreshment alike to mind and body. The item of expense is no greater among prudent travelers than it is in Saratoga or among the White Mountains; and to those who take a pic-nic company outfit for a two weeks' sojourn among the mountains the expenses are actually not as great as hotel fare in the city.

DENVER.

Denver is the natural focus of all travel in the territory, the grand receiving and discharging reservoir of human travel.

It is situated upon a plain naturally devoid of vegetation and distant about fifteen miles from the base of the mountains. The South Fork of the Platte (when it has any water) waters it upon the west, but has no value either for navigation or permanent irrigation. To quote Wall Street vernacular, it is a "magnificent fraud." When its stream is full, and it spreads its way downward through its natural valleys, its banks may be seen lined with grass and covered with herds of cattle, and always the cottonwood, with its dense dark foliage, is clustered thickly along the edge. But it is treacherous, full of quicksands, its current often falls altogether, and its channel occasionally is dried up.

From the river the land slopes up the eastern bank for a mile at a gradual elevation of 200 feet, and here the principal portion of the city is built. In 1857 the first trapper's hut was erected, in 1858 the first business store, and in 1859 the first hotel. Gradually it gathered a respectable population together, and was the first place in the territory reached by the overland stage-coach. It became the base of supplies for all other portions of the territory, and in late years has developed with characteristic Western rapidity.

Two years since it had but 6,000 to 8,000 population; to-day it is credited with 12,000 to 14,000 and increases 2,000 to 4,000 annually. The business portion of the city is built in solid brick fronts, and the streets are alive with teams and an active crowd of miners, drivers, farmers, etc. A large proportion of the stores are managed by Jews and Germans, who monopolize the clothing and provision trade. The stranger is surprised at the frequency of fruit stores, where are kept not Kansas or Missouri fruit, but boxed fruit, imported from California—such as plums, pears, grapes, peaches, etc.—at the modest price of 25 cents per pound. It is stated from actual figures that the fruit trade of the city now amounts to over $500,000 annually. These Western yeomen have a grand appetite for fruit, which they appear to gratify at any cost. I have seen Ute Indians, fresh from the wild canons and lakes of Southern Colarado, come to the borders of the city, erect their encampment, go through the streets begging coin or paper-money, and then invest it in fruit recklessly, at the price of five cents per plum. In 1870 the total business of Denver amounted to about $12,000,000. In 1872 it is nearly twenty millions. Lands have increased in price to an astonishing extent, and are higher than in many an Eastern city of three times its population. Lots in Denver range from $1,000 to $5,000 for choice business purposes. Dwelling lots 50 by 100 feet range from $500 to $2,000, while a half mile or a mile away, beyond the city limits or the irrigating canal, there are thousands of acres hardly worth their $1.25 per acre, and not wanted at any price, for farming or speculation. The extravagant real estate speculations of these Western townspeople are beyond the comprehension of Eastern visitors. From Denver all parts of the territory are reached. In fact, it seems to be set down as a rule that, if you wish to go from one point of a triangle to another in Colorado, you must do it in the orthodox way of ascending one side of the triangle to Denver, and then depart along the other side toward your destination. You get there safely, if not quickly. Within three years Denver has been opened to outside easy communication by numerous railroads. The Denver Pacific was first built to connect it with Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific. In the fall of the same year, the Kansas Pacific reached Denver, and at this date has hardly been two years in full operation. In the meantime, three other railroads have been started and placed in running order. The Colorado Central extends from Denver fifteen miles by Golden City, and is now grading as a narrow gauge up Clear Creek to Idaho Springs and Georgetown. The Bowlder Valley Railroad extends to Erie, on its way to Bowlder Valley, and is finally to be extended to Utah. While southward there has been built and equipped 100 miles of the famous Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Other railroads are projected into the mountains, and, doubtless, soon will be built. All these, then, have contributed to the thrift of the city. In the eyes of an Eastern tourist it seems unaccountably strange whence they derive their traffic and how they live; but no time is spent by the natives in discussing so trifling a question. They *find* this traffic in abundance, which actually doubles every year.

Schools, churches, banks, telegraph offices, excellent hotels, good stores of all descriptions are all here. And you can find as much contentment here as good society as in any Eastern place. The city is orderly to a pre-eminent degree, and as a place of private residence will always possess marked advantages.

The pleasure traveler needs to stay here but a few days. A stroll down the principal business streets; a visit to the Mint; a ride out upon the boulevards which surround the city; a horseback excursion to the villas and farms planted with thousands of trees and watered by numerous irrigating ditches, ten to twenty miles long, leading direct from the base of the mountains; a glance at the Fair Grounds, surrounded by a peculiar mud or turf fence, six feet high; and a trip to the artesian well, sum up the principal attractive features. From the highest elevation near the artesian well there is gained a delightful view of the front of the Rocky Mountain range. Nearly 200 miles are spread out before you—from Long's Peak, on the north, to Pike's Peak, on the south. The distance of the observer, fifteen miles from the base, together with the fact that they do not present an abrupt front, but a gradual slope to their summits, might detract from first impressions. But, as you linger and watch them, you soon are able to appreciate their vastness, their colossal dimensions; and, if you are as fortunate as I, to behold their tops heavily covered with deep snows, you will witness a scene of surpassing description. They seem at this distance like gigantic bulwarks thrown across their highs or pass over their summits; but when, a little later, you make your first triumphant entry into their portals, you are delighted with the easy rides, the cool, exhilarating atmosphere, and the smoothness with which your vehicle passes over model roads.

The elevation of Denver is 5,317 feet above the sea at this stage. All visitors should stop for a few days or a week who find the rarity of the atmosphere affects them.

Persons in ordinarily good health, not specially afflicted with lung complaints or bronchial disorders, will experience no inconvenience; on the contrary, will find the atmosphere healthful and invigorating.

CLIMATE.

The characteristics of the climate are dryness, freedom from moist, chilling winds, and with comparatively little rain. A table was kept at Denver for fourteen month—from December, 1869, to January, 1871; and in this time the total amount of rain and melted snow was but 13.45 inches, or for one year 12.63 inches. The highest average per year yet attained is 15 to 18 inches, which is less than half that of any of the Atlantic or mid-Western States. During the same period the average temperature of the thermometer was from 29 to 74 degrees. The lowest was 18 degrees below zero, and the highest 98 degrees above; but in so dry a climate no inconvenience is felt from extremes, and, strangest of all, less extremes are felt in winter than in summer. The average temperature of the winter months was about 39 degrees. I have in mid-summer opened wide my windows at mid-day, for all possible air—the thermometer at 90 degrees; and at night been obliged to close them in consequence of the great coolness—the thermometer descending to 35 degrees. The nights are, without a single exception, cool and comfortable. Sleep is a perfect enjoyment.

Although the city and all parts of the territory where I visited have been filled with visitors, many of them delicate ladies, from the East, I have yet to hear one word of complaint at anything. The climate is never spoken of but with praise. From the moment of arrival to the moment of departure, the visitor is in a state of delight. Impaired health seems to have a chance of recovery. Drooping spirits are always reanimated and bodily energies reinvigorated. As you ascend from Denver to higher altitudes, you will find other and more favorable features of the climate. It seemed to me, as I wandered last year and this year among the mountains in pic-nic fashion, with trains and camping outfits, that nothing could be more delightful than this style of travel. And certainly at no elevation did we find a more invigorating and toning atmosphere than at 8,000 feet.

It is invariably the custom of mountain travelers to take with them but one or two blankets, which they wrap around them at night, and make their bed upon the clean grass-award, with no canopy above them but the starry heavens. Rains rarely ever fall. During the night the atmosphere is dry, the ground is dry. In the more elevated region dew never falls, and a sleep outdoors is as safe and comfortable as under a tent.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

The first resort of the pleasure tourist, after leaving Denver, is toward Colorado Springs. This town has suddenly sprung into prominence as a pleasure resort, and been, we think, aptly styled the *Saratoga of the Far West*. There certainly is gathered in its neighborhood more objects of natural interest than falls to the lot of Eastern resorts, and, between springs, canyons, mountain scenery, and natural parks and gardens, it more than surpasses the attractions of the Saratoga of the East. A year ago, as our party, on its winding way among the mountains, came suddenly upon the Springs, at the foot of Pike's Peak, it seemed as if we could stay there for weeks. Everything was pleasant; the pure, delicious air, the comfortable atmosphere, so dry, inspiriting, and free from extremes of heat or cold. The value of the waters of the numerous springs—which as tonics or morning cordials seemed to have a bracing effect—all conspired to make it a pleasant place of abode. The Springs were then somewhat difficult of approach. No communication existed except over the wagon roads, which traversed the plains seventy-five or eighty miles southward from Denver. This road was easy and uniformly level; but too great a distance for ladies or pleasure travelers to accomplish in a single day. It led along through many natural parks and by the side of pleasant lakes and streams, and meandered among grassy meadows at the base of the overhanging Rocky Mountains. To this day no ride ever seemed so pleasant as along this road we slowly traveled last year with our cavalcade. But now all is changed. The Narrow Gauge Railroad has displaced all travel by teams, and it is but a morning ride of five hours from Denver to the Springs.

This baby railroad, with miniature engines and cars, is the most successful of anything ever attempted in the history of American railroads. In less than three months from the opening of the first division of seventy-five miles it was paying its way and earning a dividend of 12 per cent., or 1 per cent. a month; and its stock is now 27 per cent. above par—not to be obtained, in fact, at any offer of premium. This is the highest dividend paid by any railroad in the United States over its expenses and interest on mortgage bonds. The road cost $18,500 per mile, all equipped. Its earnings are now $4,700 per mile per year; which, in proportion to capital and cost, is more than 300 per cent. greater than the successful earnings per mile of the New York Central, Pennsylvania Central, or Erie.

This road is extending gradually southward; and, surveys having recently been made to the City of Mexico, it will be rapidly pushed thither. Its bonds are negotiated in Europe on a low rate of interest, and are sufficient of themselves to build and equip the road with no drain upon the stock. The cars themselves, when made up into a full train, are very pretty. They run very smoothly, act low down upon the track, are very safe, and when running around curves set snugly to the track. The interior of the cars are very neatly decorated. The seats are smaller than in our standard gauge cars, and the aisles run at the side, one double seat being on one side of the aisle and a single seat upon the other. At the center of the car is a stove, and a partition, with a glass door. Here the order of the seats changes, and the aisles transferred to the opposite side of the cars. The average rate of speed is fifteen miles per hour, and maximum speed twenty-five to thirty—rarely the latter. For portions of the country where there is no need of great speed these cars will answer admirably; but on long stretches, demanding fast through time, those trains could not meet the mark. They are apt to lose time in ascending grades, and are hardly fast enough to catch up, if too much behind. They are so economically built and easily handled that they are sure of yielding dividends where the other gauge would not pay for some time to come.

The ride over the road from Denver to the Springs is delightful, indeed. After getting beyond the sandy plains which lie adjacent to the city, the road ascends gradually up to the summit of the Divide. The soil is better covered with grass and abounds in a profusion of flowers.

More rain falls here than in any other part of the territory; often a shower occurs every afternoon. This gives a delightfully fresh and green hue to the landscape, and renders the region an admirable one both for grazing and for crops.

On reaching the top of the Divide, there is seen a pretty little lake of water on the eastern side of the plains. Just beyond rises a score or more of tall white castellated rocks, 300 to 500 feet in hight. On the western side appear the Rocky Mountains, in gloomy grandeur; for here gather storms and tempests, and at no time of the day are they entirely free from dark and threatening clouds.

Descending the grade just over the summit, we pass through a series of sunny, smiling valleys for twenty-six miles. Upon the line of this road are two very beautiful parks, full of unique objects of interest. One of them, nearest Colorado Springs, is known as Monument Park. This is a cozy little valley, running up to the mountains, and then spreading along its base for a mile or so, full of verdure and luxuriant greenery of trees and shrubs.

Upon the edges of this valley are ranged along, one after the other, groups of natural monuments, standing from ten to twenty feet high, consisting of rounded sandstone or limestone rocks, which have been washed away in the process of time, until now they are but four to six feet in diameter at the base, tapering regularly upward to a diameter of but two feet or less at top. Upon the tops of each and every one sets a flat cap of dark solid stone, evidently containing iron, with edges on top covered with moss. These caps are from two to six inches in thickness, perfectly flat, and are from four to six feet in diameter. Some of the groups are really curious in likenesses to objects of human interest. For instance, General Cameron and himself discovering a group of five or six apparently surrounding one central figure and apparently paying deference to it, we named it General Washington and his Council of War.

Another one so much resembled an Indian with blanket thrown around the shoulders we named it the Indian Squaw. These groups and isolated figures are very frequent, sometimes strung along for a mile, at distances of twenty or fifty feet from each other, and there cannot well be less than 500 or 1,000 of them. The park itself at the time we saw it was uninhabited. Long may it remain so.

The other park I referred to is Pleasant Park, situated perhaps twenty miles nearer Denver than this. It is an exquisite little park, hardly a mile wide and three miles long, covered with groups of trees and verdure, just at the base of the mountains, which are here more precipitous than usual. This has been bought by the president of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and will be converted into a summer home.

Think for a moment of the rapid progress of events. Two years ago it was not known, and the bear or antelope made it their natural sporting ground. Now it is the villa site of an American railway king. But Colorado Springs deser ves a chapter to itself.

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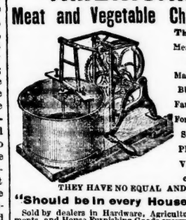

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Also iron and steel forgings of all descriptions, for guns, pistols, sewing-machines, agricultural implements, etc. Manufactured